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POEMS IN AUTOGRAPH.

CONTENTS.

Abbey, Henry, Kingston, N.Y., Faciebat - - - - - 209

Allanson, Mrs. C. M., Anita, Iowa, Wm. C. Kenyon, D. D. - - 302

Allen, Lyman W., Newark, N. J., The Coming of His Feet - - 301

Allerton, Ellen P., Padonia, Kan., Love - - - - - - 254

Allmond, Marcus B., Louisville, Ky., Our Lives Are as the Days That Go 25

Andrews, Anabel, Hudson, N. H., At Rest - - - - - 326

Austin, Harriet Bunker, Woodstock, Ill., Her Song - - - - - 200

Austin, Z. H., Duluth, Minn., First Impressions - - - 186

Baer, Mrs. Libbie C., Appleton, Wis., In the Land of Fancy - - 202

Barnard, O. W., Manteno, Ill., The Columbian Exposition - 78

Barnes, Edwin H., Marathon, N.Y., Verses . - - - - - 283

Barnes, Mrs. Isabella, Teanaway, Wash., My Beautiful Home - - 47

Batchelder, Frank Roe, Worcester, Mass., Christ's Church - - - 165

Bauder, Levi F., Cleveland, Ohio, Wait - - - - - - 104

Baxley, Isaac, Santa Barbara, Cal., Waiting - - - - - 117

Beach, Abel, Iowa City, Iowa, Wright and Wrong - - 53

Beckwith, Mrs. S. E., Au Dale, Kan., Victor - - - - - - 275

Bedford, Lou Singletary, Dallas, Texas, Gethsemane, - - - - 105

Beech, Mrs. Mary Turner, Stanton, Mich., Sympathy - - - - - 258

Bell, Victor Meredith, Philadelphia, Pa., Poem - - - - - - 240

Bennett, S. Fillmore, Richmond, Ill., A Poem - - - - - 127

Berry, J. St. Elmo, Montrose, Col., 'Tis Thine, O Lord - - - 287

Beveridge, Mrs. T. H., Philadelphia, Pa., Answer to We are Growing Old 101

Biddle, Horace P., Logansport, Ind., The First Lesson - - - 303

Billings, Homer A., Fabius, N.Y., The Power of Love - - 224

Dodge, Dudley Louis, Greenwich, N.Y., A Thought - - - - - 46

Boedecker, G. A. W., Bucklin, Kan., Fourth of July - - - 40

Bogart G. Henri, Brookville, Ind., The Songs that Live - - - 151

Bohan, Mrs. Elizabeth B., Milwaukee, Wis., My Baby - - - - - 198

Boydston, Hattie J., David City, Neb., The Two Roads - - - 108

Boyesen, H. H., New York City, N.Y.,
The Rose - - - - - 327

Bradlee, Dr. Caleb D., Boston, Mass.,
God Knows Best - - - 300

Brehm, Miriam J., Logan, O.,
Autumn Leaves - - - 155

Briley, J. F., Lamar, Mo.,
Liberty - - - - - - 219

Brewerton, Col. G. D., N.Y.,
The Undertow - - - 248

Bringhurst, Mrs., College Ita, Texas,
After Two Years - - - 211

Brisbane, Margaret H., Lake Village, Ark.,
She Sleeps - - - - 30

Brooks, Wm. Grant, Saco, Me.,
Opportunities of Life - - 345

Brown, Geo. Waldo, Manchester, N. H.,
Anticipation - - - 176

Brown, J. Byron, Corydon, Ky.,
Open and Closes - - - 50

Brown, Lura E., Little Rock, Ark.,
A Pretty Dimpled Chin - - 15

Brown, Mortimer C., Beresford, S. D.,
Sunshine after Rain - - 238

Brown, Theron, Boston, Mass.,
The Sun in Libra - - - 204

Budd, Enos Goble, Budd's Lake, N. J.,
In Memoriam - - - - 260

Buskirk, Clarence A., Princeton, Ind.,
Drifting - - - - 227

Butters, Mary E., St. Peter, Minn.,
Haste With Me - - - - 167

Campbell, J. P., Abilene, Kan.,
Lady Auling - - - 156

Carey, Virginia D., Corvallis, Ore.,
Patience in Disappointment - 112

Castle, Henry A., St. Paul, Minn.,
Henry Hastings Sibley - - 39

Chamberlain, W. R., Chicago, Ill.,
The Little Log School House - 72

Charles, Mrs. Emily T., Washington, D. C.,
Spirit Breathings - - - 114

Clark, Mrs. Annie M. L., Lancaster, Mass.,
Patience - - - - 350

Clark, Mrs. Mary J., Utica, Ill.,
Broken Links - - - - 161

Clarke, Dr. S. T., Lockport, N.Y.,
Fire Flies - - - - 212

Clarke, Thomas M., Shoals, Ind.,
The Country School - - - 38

Clodfelter, N. J. Crawfordsville, Ind.,
Two Hearts - - - - 272

Coleman, A. A., Birmingham, Ala.,
Helen - - - - - 115

Colgan, John R., Pioneer, Ohio,
The Misplaced Amen - - 92

Comstock, Helen Field, Rochelle, Ill.,
Poesy - - - - - 20

Conklin, Mrs. H. M., St. Charles, Mich.,
Advice to My Niece - - 98

Cook, Mrs. S. M. E., Portland, Me.,
Only A Year - - - - 213

Cooper, Sarah B., San Francisco, Cal.,
Angel Ministries - - 146

Cope, Caleb S., West Chester, Pa.,
Metrical Genius - - - 88

Corliss, Mrs. Mary E. R., Washburn, Me.,
Affliction - - - - - 329

Couchman, Wesley, Richmondville, N.Y.,
Sonnet - - - - - 336

Crill, Louis N., Richland, S. D.,
What Good Have You Done To-Day 119

Crocheron, Zina E., Bountiful, Utah,
The Purest Gift - - - 137

Crofts, George W., Council Bluffs, Iowa,
Robin - - - - - - 194

Cudmore, P., Faribault, Minn.,
Mexico - - - - 309

Cummins, Charlotte N., Lorin, Cal.,
Best Thoughts - - - 311

Cushman, Lilla N., South Natick, Mass.,
Gloria in Excelsis - - - 166

Dahlgren, Madeline V., Washington, D.C.,
Sonnet - - - - 26

Daniels, Frances B., De Luz, Cal.,
My Love - - - - - 182

Dannelly, Elizabeth O., Waxahachie, Tex.,
To Minnie - - - - 18

Darnell, H. F., Avon, N.Y.,
From Kindesliebe - - - 206

Davenport, Agnes J. J., Espanola, N. M.,
School Days - - - 305

Davenport, W. J., Bethany, La.,
Love - - - - - - 269

Davis, Ida May, Terre Haute, Ind.,
A Message - - - - - 257

Deletombe, Alice S., Gallipolis, Ohio,
Reflection - - - - - 83

De Moss, James, Thayer, Kan.,
Success - - - - 214

Denison, Mary A., Washington, D. C.,
The Sweetest Eyes - - 27

Derby, Roswell, Jr., Florence, Ohio,
The Lily of the Heart - - 138

Digby, Wm., Jr., Pittsburg, Pa.,
Christmas Night - . - 315

Dolson, Eugene C., Cato, N.Y.,
Life - - - - - - 346

Dorman, Allen, Clinton, Mo.,
Meet Me Mother - - - 343

Dowd, Alice M., Stamford, Conn.,
Golden Rod - - - - 136

Dunham, J. H., Trenton, N. J.,
The Music of Memory - - 313

Durant, Horace B., Philadelphia, Pa.,
True Devotion - - - - 284

Eaton, J. Sullivan, Salisbury, N. C.,
Naples - - - - - - 296

Eberhart, Gilbert L., Beaver Falls, Pa.,
In the Summer Long Ago - 234

English, Josiah G., Xenia, Ohio,
Hast Thou Been to Calvary - 231

Evans, Major Alexander, Louisville, Ky.,
Laura - - - - - - 139

Evans, Mrs. Lizzie P., Summerville, Mass.,
Life's Autograph - - - 334

Everett, M. E. H., Alfred Center, N.Y.,
Presagement - - - 170

Farr, Julia, Winfield, Iowa,
Duty - - - - - - 150

Farrow, A. J., Portland Mills, Ind.,
Sonnet - - - - - - 66

Ferris, Luman A., Bernhard's Bay, N.Y.,
To a Young Poet - - - 31

Fischer, Mrs. Angeline A., Omaha, Neb.,
Imprisoned - - - - - 60

Fisher, Mrs. Emma R., Canfield, Colo.,
A Flower, A Song, A Word, - 158

Flagg, Edward O., New York City, N.Y.,
To a Friend After a Long Absence 298

Freer, Charles H., Blue Earth City, Minn.,
The Tempest - - - - 19

Gear, Mrs. Emma, Ransom, Mich.,
Mother, - - - - - 280

Gerry, Charles F., Sudbury, Mass.,
The Bluebird - - - - 281

Getchell, Lora Vida, S. Berwick, Me.,
Song to Berwick Academy - 100

Gibbens, Alvaro F., Parkersburg, W. Va.,
Beyond the Night - - - 163

Gibbs, Lilla M., Cherryvale, Kan.,
My Morning - - - - 96

Gibbs, Oliver J., Sioux Falls, S. D.,
The Flight of Time - - - 185

Goldberg, Samuel W., Dallas, Tex.,
Friendship - - - - - 297

Goodwin, Henry M., Olivet, Mich.,
To a Group of Asters - - 330

Gould, Alta J., Morley, Mich.,
My Idol - - - - - 106

Gould, Lucia N., Pottersville, N.Y.,
A Song From the Waves - 147

Graham, James, Cleburne, Texas,
Night on the Cumberlands - - 36

Green, Mrs. Julia B., Rochester, N.Y.,
The Dead Word - - - 125

Greene, M. H., Haverhill, Mass.,
Bonny Louise - - - 263

Greene, m. S., Westerly, R. I.,
The Reward of Well Doing - 229

Griffin, Geo. Butler, Los Angeles, Cal.,
A Cradle Song - - - - 262

Griffith, Geo. B., East Lempster, N. H.,
The Whittier Fireplace - - 236

Hall, Flora O., Conway, Iowa,
Praise Ye the Lord - - - 339

Hallum, Mattie A., Texarkana, Ark.,
Sorrow's Smile - - - 75

Hamilton, Anna J., Louisville, Ky.,
Go, Be Free - - - - 124

Harbert, Elizabeth B., Evanston, Ill.,
The Promised Land - - 52

Harden, John, Brightwood, Ind.,
The Literary Bee - - 230

Harlowe, Dr. W. B., Syracuse, N.Y.,
A Friend - - - - - 64

Harlowe, Dana, Buckfield, Me.,
The Damsel of Bretagne - - 80

Harrington, T. L., Winona, Minn.,
Love Not Perishable - - 153

Harvey, James C., New York City, N.Y.,
Imperfectus - - - - 255

Harvey, Matthew J., Epping, N. H.,
On the Death of a Gifted Poetess 129

Haskell, T. N., Denver, Col.,
Utterly Bereft - - - - 216

Hatch, Mrs. E. D. W., Big Timber, Mont.,
The Shadow of a Cloud - - 341

Hawkins, Albert S., Midland, Tex.,
Lines to a Friend - - - 304

Hawthorne, Mrs. Alice, Louisville, Ky.,
Woman's Brightest Jewel - 128

Haddaeus, John, Sing Sing, N.Y.,
Order - - - - - - 277

Hempstead, Junius L., Jennings, La.,
Hope - - - - - - 294

Henry, Emily J. C., Sterling, Ill.,
Our Twin Boys - - - 222

Hickok, Eliza, M. E. Somerville, Mass.,
Introspection - - - - 308

Hill, Theo. H., Raleigh, N. C.,
Sunset - - - - - 131

Hildreth, Emily E., Harvard, Mass.,
The Old Man of the Mountain - 169

Hinds, W. H. H., Kennebunkport, Me.,
Light - - - - - - 242

Hodges, D. F., Phillips, Me.,
True Love - - - - 331

Holden, Rebecca G., Smyrna, Me.,
I Need Thee Every Hour - 42

Holmes, John, Bayshore, L. I.,
The Mother's Joy, Her Darling Boy, 314

Holt, Jeremiah W., Burlington, N. C.,
The Battle Cry - - - 264

Hopkins, Mrs. L. P., Newburyport, Mass.,
December, - - - - - 56

Hotchkiss, John, Fox Lake, Wis.,
Birthday Lines - - - 57

Hoyt, Ellen, Galion, Ohio,
A Tribute - - - - 164

Hubner, Chas. W., Atlanta, Ga.,
To the Poet - - - - 271

Hulin, E. S., Erwin, Tenn.,
Acrostic - - - - 328

Humphrey, Nelson Goodrich, Le Roy, Ill.,
Too Late - - - - 332

Hurd, Helen Marr, Athens, Me.,
All Hail - - - - 322

Huse, Mary S., Princeton, Minn.,
A Tribute - - - - 81

Husted, Fred, Grand Junction, Mich.,
Morning Dreams - - - 173

Imrie, John, Toronto, Canada,
The Touch of the Divine - - 282

Inge, C. H., Greensboro, Ala.,
Emancipation - - - 35

Inman, Dr. G. B., Bradford, Ohio,
The Old Homestead - - - 310

Ireland, Mary E., Washington, D. C.,
On the Chesapeake - - 143

Jacobs, William R., Suffolk, Va.,
Heed Not That Judge - 14

Jeffery, Mrs. Isadore G., Chicago, Ill.,
Heavenly Ministries - - 24

Johnston, Miss Julia H., Peoria, Ill.,
Good Morning - - - 62

Jones, Rev. A., Logansport, Ind.,
A Social Picture - - - 182

Jones, Chas. C., Mechanicsburg, Ohio,
Poem - - - - - 142

Jones, E. L., Evansville, Ind.,
Sonnet - - - - 306

Jones, Florence A., Hampton, Iowa,
A Love Song - - - - 29

Jones, O. C., Abbeville, La.,
Autumn Leaves - - - 318

Jones, Wm. C., Robinson, Ill.,
Woman's Smile - - - 243

Kautz, Elizabeth, Cutler, Ind.,
May - - - - - 89
Kautz, Julia M., Cutler, Ind.,
Vida - - - - - - 70
Kaye, John B., Calmar, Iowa,
Longfellow - - - - - 196
Keeler, Howard, Brooklyn, N.Y.,
Consolation - - - - - 102
Kelly, Helen Briggs, Little Rock, Ark.,
The Old Quilt - - - - 261
Kendall, Milton T., Rice's Landing, Pa.,
Immortality - - - - - 162
Kent, Lucian H., Westfield, N.Y.,
Poem - - - - - - - 90
Ketchum, Jno. B , New York City, N.Y.,
The Soldier's Reverie, - - 233
Kettoman, Geo. W., Highfield, Md.,
My Song - - - - - 319
King, Violet E., Albion, Ind.,
Onlies - - - - - - 132
Kirschbaum, E. T., North Crafton, Mass.,
The Poet's Fate - - - 288
Kline, Mrs. M. B., Hager City, Wis.,
Kind Words - - - - 23
Knight, Leona A., Gibson, La.,
Youthful Charms - - - 91

Lawrance, Wm. V., Chillicothe, Ohio,
A Tablet - - - - - 160
Latimer, Laura M., Geneva, Ohio,
Heaven - - - - - - 276
Lester, N., Fulton, N.Y.,
An Autumn Thought - - 235
Lewis, Mrs., Jennie S., West Side, Ia.,
Acrostic - - - - - - 113
Lincoln, Jeanie G., Washington, D. C.,
Tender and True Adieu - - 192
Lindsay, Rhoda S., Douglas, N. C.,
An Autumn Reverie - - - 86
Lockhart, Arthur J., Cherryfield, Me.,
Emerson - - - - - 270

Logan, A. Sidney, Philadelphia, Pa.,
The Moon - - - - - 348
Logan, Margaret A., Vicksburg, Miss.,
A Mistake - - - - - 340
Longheed, J. W., Detroit, Mich.,
To a Chrysanthenum - - 279
Loomis, Mrs. E. S., Arkansas City, Kan.,
A Little Potentate - - 221
Lowry, Samuel E., West Salem, Ohio,
Beneath the Rod - - - 218

McCourt, D. W., St. Paul, Minn.,
A Retrospection - - - 217
McDonald, Dr. Wm. A., Lynn, Mass.,
Retrospective - - - - - 208
McFadden, F. E., Fairfield, Me.,
When I am Dead - - - 289
McFall, Mrs. A. E., Mayfield, Ky.,
Sonnet - - - - - - 123
McHenry, Mrs. E. J., Berkeley, Cal.
The Bound of the Sea - - 154
McKenzie, Jennie F., Montrose, Mich.,
Ah, Whether, an Acrostic - - 256
McLellan, Isaac, Springs, L. I.,
Human Life - - - 317
McNabb, Dr. John W., Fremont, Mich.
Peace, Hope, Rest - - - 307
MacDonald, Dr. Rufus C., Boston, Mass.
Fate - - - - - - 34
Mace, Mrs. Frances L., San Jose, Cal.,
St. Cecilia - - - - 118
Mackay, Chas. H., Boston, Mass.,
True Love - - - - - 323
Manville, Helen A., LaCrosse, Wis.,
Long Live the King - - - 324
Mariager, Dagmar, Santa Barbara, Cal.,
Injustice - - - - - 295
Marr, Francis Harrison, Warrenton, Va.,
Life - - - - - - - 239
Martin, L. A., Chillicothe, Mo.,
Loving Should Not Be There - 245
Mason, Chas. Oscar, Glens Falls, N.Y.,
Backward or Forward - - 109
Mason, Mary A., Binghampton, N.Y.,
If Love Were Life - - - 126

Matthews, James N., Mason, Ill.,
Affinity - - - - - 193

May, J. L., Catawba Junction, S. C.,
The Bard of Helicon - - 45

Mellen, John F., Amelia, Ohio,
The Sunset of Life - - - 99

Miller, D. F., Keokuk, Iowa,
The Prayer of Age—Creation of Woman - - - - 268

Mohler, J. S., Morrill, Kans.,
True Happiness - - - 76

Monroe, Mrs. L. D., WaKeeney, Kans.,
My Childhood's Home - - 171

Moore, Mrs. Aubertine W., Madison, Wis.,
If Music Were Dead - - - 197

Moore, Maude, Thomaston, Me.,
To C. E. I. - - - - 59

Moses, J. W., San Diego, Cal.,
To Violet - - - -

Murphy, John Albert, Ellis, Mo.,
my Rosebud - - - 216

Nafzger, Laura C., Powell, Ohio,
The Bootblack - - - - 168

Naisbitt, Henry W., Salt Lake City, Utah,
Footprints in the Sand - - 325

Newell, Mrs. Laura E., Zeandale, Kans.,
Transition - - - - 266

Noble, Mary Ella, Athens, Ga.,
A Worshipper - - - 250

Nourse, Mrs. Laura A., Moline, Ill.,
The Holy Spirit - - - 299

Oberholtzer, Mrs. S. L., Norristown, Pa.,
Come for Arbutus - - 320

O'Boyle, Thomas W., Lowell, Mass.,
Epistle to a Friend - - - 225

O'Brien, J. W., Midland, Mich.,
Farewell - - - - 49

Orne, Caroline F., Cambridge, Mass.,
To-morrow - - - - 58

Overall, John W., New York City, N.Y.,
Life's Philosophy - - - - 244

Paden, M. S., Denver, Colo.,
The Present - - - -

Page, Olin W., New London, Conn.,
From Life's Pictures - - 148

Parker, Mame L. Foster, Meriden, Conn.,
Our Helplessness - - - 141

Patterson, Minnie Ward, Marshall, Mich.,
Lily Song - - - - - 252

Paxton, W. M., Platte City, Mo.,
The Prairie - - - - 17

Peacock, Arthur S., Wa Keeney, Kans.,
When the Lower Clouds have Lifted 338

Peacock, Thos. B., Topeka, Kans.,
Sonnet to Milton - - - 73

Pearle, Mary, Erie, Pa.,
Di Giora in Giora - - - 94

Pelton, J. C., San Diego, Cal.,
The Trampled Flower - - 111

Peterson, Henry, Philadelphia, Pa.,
The Clover Leaf - - - 180

Pickens, Anna E., Somerville, Mass.,
One Way - - - - 273

Plunkett, Lilian, San Francisco, Cal.,
To —— - - - - 189

Poole, M. Belle, Covington, La.,
We Still Smile On - - - 337

Pope, Marion Manville, La Crosse, Wis.,
Where do the Birds Go? - - 122

Porter, Susanna Lee, Selman, Fla.,
Gentle Spring - - - - 175

Powell, E. P., Clinton, N.Y.,
The Goldfinch - - - 116

Pratt, C. H., Bear Creek, Ohio.,
Starlight - - - - - 79

Preston, Mrs. M. A., Charlotte, Mich.,
Forget-me-not - - - 13

Prickett, J. P., Albion, Ind.,
The Loved and Lost - - - 226

Ragsdale, Henry E., Aurora, Mo.,
Success - - - - 33

Rains, Helen A., Mt. Ayr, Ia.,
Day - - - - - 55

Randall, Adelaide, Merrimack, Wis.,
Baby's Love - - - - 63

Reed, Anna Morrison, Laytonville, Cal.,
Her King - - - - 253

Reed, Emily, Eddyville, Iowa,
Evening's Hour - - - 159

Regal, Mamie H., North Jackson, Ohio,
His Guiding Love - - - 110

Reynolds, J. M., Belmont, Mich.
I Bow the Head - - - 335

Rhoades, Dr. Thos. J. B., Boyerton, Pa.,
Slander - - - - - 152

Rice, William, Gladwin, Mich.,
The Past and Present - - 28

Rich, Caroline W. D., Lewiston, Me.,
Echo - - - - - - 274

Rideout, E. L., Readfield, Me.,
Thanks - - - - - - 135

Riggs, Luther G., Genoa Junction, Wis.,
If I But Only Knew - - 177

Robinson, Mrs. Amber E., Blaine, Me.,
A Living Faith - - - 249

Robson, John E., Honeoye Falls, N.Y.,
Agnosticism - - - 37

Rouse, Jane E., Montague, Mich.,
The Burial - - - - 183

Russell, Joseph Penn, Waveland, Ind.,
The Snow Flake - - - 232

Ryan, Mary C., Obrine, Fla.,
Sonnet - - - - - - 71

Sage, J. W., Chicago Junction, Ohio,
Some Sweet Day - - - 44

Savage, M.J., Pembroke City, Boston, Mass.,
Where is God? - - - 195

Schaeggs, Mrs. A. C. V., San Diego, Cal.,
Sailing In - - - - 179

Searl, F. C., Portsmouth, Ohio,
Djins of the Firelight - - 210

Secor, Eugene, Forest City, Iowa,
Baby Footsteps - - - - 187

Shaler, Clarence A., Waupun, Wis.,
Tears - - - - - 333

Shaw, F. F., Ripley, Ohio,
Eulogy—Washington - - 130

Shaw, Ralph H., Lowell, Mass.,
Mosses - - - - - - 178

Shuey, Lillian H., Lorin, Cal.,
That Charmed Life - - 259

Slaughter, Linda W., Bismarck, N. D.,
A Still Small Voice - - - 292

Smith, Mrs. Anna C., Mill Grove, Mo.,
Remembrance of Our Heroes - 48

Smith, Annie H., Atlanta, Ga.,
Trust - - - - - - 199

Smith, Clara Fowler, Myer's Valley, Kan.,
The Music of Words - - 157

Smith, Mrs. Eldridge, Washington, D. C.,
Bygone Hours - - - - - 247

Smith, Mrs. Eva Munson, Springfield, Ill.,
Syria - - - - - - 201

Smith, Hubbard M., Vincennes, Ind.,
Summer Twilight - - - 228

Smith, Luella D., Hudson, N. Y.,
The Sea - - - - - 21

Smith, Viola E., Turin, Iowa,
Remembrances - - - 41

Spurlock, Mrs. Phoebe A., Geneseo, Ill.,
Even-tide - - - - - 342

Staley, M. Victor, Oshkosh, Wis.,
Despair - - - - - 103

Stanton, Henry T., Frankfort, Ky.,
An Ideal - - - 235

Stearns, Frances B., Harrisburg, Tex.,
Consolation - - - - 43

Stevens, H., Nettle Carrier, Tenn.,
Memories of Children - - 93

Stewart, M. A., San Jose, Cal.,
To Eulalia - - - - 16

Stockard, Henry J., Graham, N. C.,
Life's Lesson of Faith - - 127

Stone, Mary K. A., Reading, Pa.,
Enkindled - - - - 145

Stout, Adelaide, Buffalo, N.Y.,
A Sea Rose - - - - 84

Street, Thomas, Vineland, N. J.,
Poetry - - - - 69

Swarthout, G. W., Laingsburg, Mich.,
Michigan - - - 54

Sykes, Mary E., Calabasas, Ariz.,
Waiting - - - - 61

Taber, Edward F., Patchogue, L. I.,
Returned With Thanks - - 286

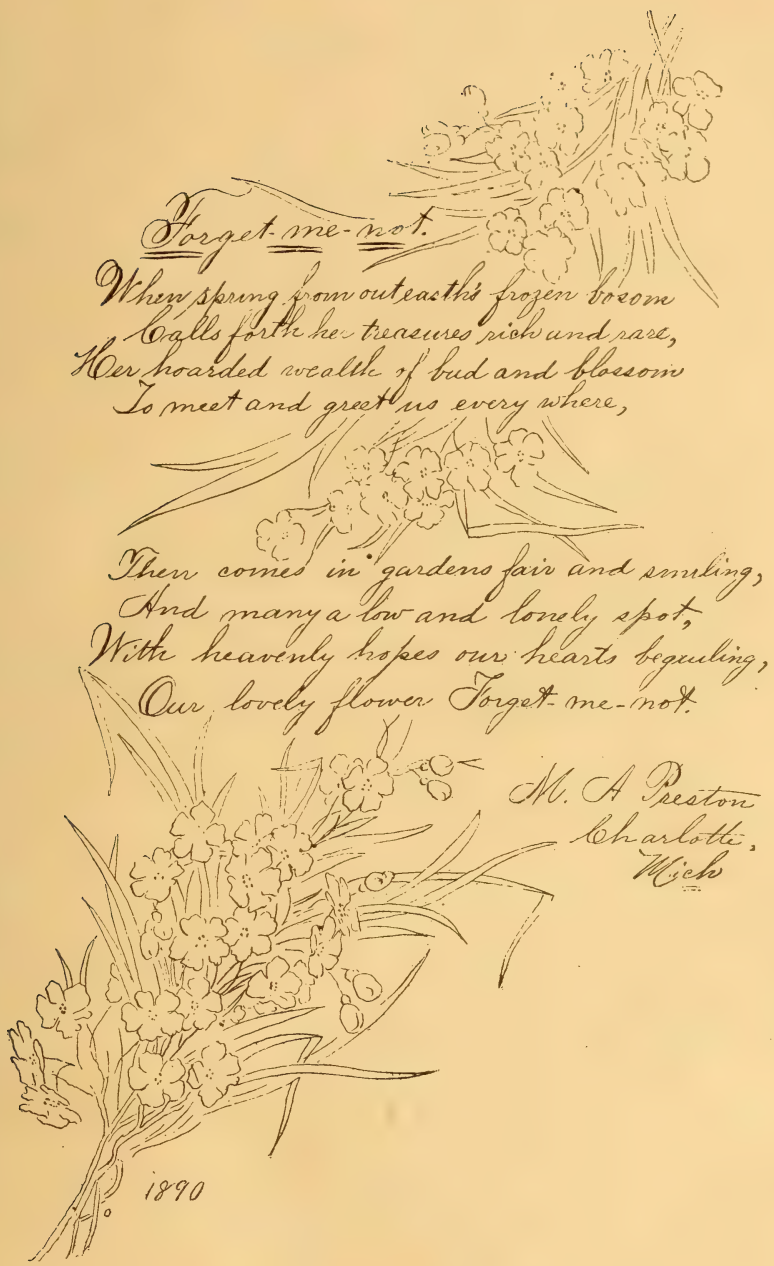
Tanner, A. A., Oakley, Id.,
Tell Me Not - - - - 241

Taylor, Mrs. Hannah E., Pasadena, Cal.,
Memories - - - - - 293
Taylor, Ida Scott, Jacksonville, Ill.,
Nearer Than We Think - - 347
Thayer, Stephen Henry, New York City,
Infinito - - - - - 223
Thomas, James C., Union, Ind.,
In Memoriam - - - 285
Thornhill, C. P., Columbia, La.,
To Miss —— - - - - 188
Tilton, Lydia H., Washington, D. C.,
Politeness - - - - 82
Toland, Mrs. M. B. M., San Francisco, Cal.,
Camoens - - - - 85
Townsend, Linus, Apollo, Pa.,
A Monumental Inscription - 65
Truesdell, Ella M., Hornellsville, N.Y.,
A Pink White Glory of Cloves - 140
Tyler, Martha T., San Francisco, Cal.,
An Autumn Violet - - 291

Underwood, Mrs. Hannah E., Creston, Ia.,
Little May - - - - 67
Vail, Emily, Benton City, Mo.,
White Lilies - - - 130
Van Loon, Hannah, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Trying - - - - - 191
Van Tuyl, R. N., Prattsburg, N.Y.,
Poem - - - - - 120
Venable, W. H., Cincinnati, Ohio,
The Cat-bird or Capricci - - 312
Venen, L. P., Olympia, Wash.,
The Snow - - - - 220

Wagner, Madge Morris, San Diego, Cal.,
Mother - - - - - 246
Wall, Mrs. Annie, Pueblo, Col.,
A Leaf on a Stream - - 107
Wallace, M., Huntsville, Texas,
Stanza - - - - - 121
Wallingford, L. Adelaide, Lowell, Mass.,
Foreshadowings - - - 51
Walser, G. H., Liberal, Mo.,
The River of Love - - - 134
Ward, Rev. James T., Westminster, Md.,
On Awaking From Sleep . 32
Ward, Mary E., North Danville, Vt.,
Josephine - - - - 174
Warder, Geo. W., Kansas City, Mo.,
Footprints and Shadows - - 97
Ware, W. Hibbert, Trenton, N. J.
When the Day Breaks - - 95
Warren, Mary E., Fox Lake, Wis.,
The Man I Love - - - 203
Watters, Mrs. E., Washington, Ia.,
Autumn - - - - - 149
Watson, Stephen Marion, Portland, Me.,
Change - - - - 237
Weed, Emily Stuart, Greenwich, Conn.,
Greeting - - - - 199
Weir, Jo. L., Orlinda, Tenn.,
Our Boy - - - - 207
Welty, Edwin A., Oregon, Mo.,
The Rose and Bessie's Picture . 87
Wetherbee, Emily G., Laurence, Mass.,
The Old Garden Gate . . 181
White, D. D., De Kalb, Texas,
Friendship 278
White, James T., New York City, N.Y.,
Inter Folia Frictus . . 22
White, Laura R., Geneva, Ohio,
Vain Search 349

Wilcox, Ella Wheeler, New York City,
Twin Born 251
Wiley, Wm. L., Galva, Ill.,
Mother 172
Williams, Emily P., Appleton City, Mo.,
Nature's Coloring . . . 344
Willner, Rev. W., Houston, Texas,
My Bargain 74
Wilson, Gilbert L., Genoa Bluff, Iowa,
At Dream's Bright Gate . . 68
Wilson, L. G., Wessington Springs, S. D.,
Wanderer's Reverie . . 215
Winslow, Celeste M. A., New York City,
Ego 321
Wintermute, Mrs. M., Newark, Ohio,
Night and Day . . . 77
Woodward, Nathan A., Batavia, N.Y.,
Poem 267
Wright, Mrs. C. M. H., Blaine, Ill.,
At Evening Time . . . 265
Wrightsman, Mrs. Mima L., Harper, Kan.
Black Diamond — The Mind . 133


Forget-me-not.
When spring from out earth's frozen bosom
Calls forth her treasures rich and rare,
Her hoarded wealth of bud and blossom
To meet and greet us every where,
Then comes in gardens fair and smiling,
And many a low and lonely spot,
With heavenly hopes our hearts beguiling,
Our lovely flower Forget-me-not.
M. A Preston
Charlotte,
Mich
1890

Heed Not That Judge

I love not man the less because
Of rash words spoken with his name,
The faults that censorious mortal draws
Are in themselves invidious flaws —
For recognition, weak and lame
In vain conceit and jealousy
Full truthful, oftimes sounds a word,
When if to test Morality
It takes the guilt and leaves absurd
The thought of recognizing speech —
Vain language that doth harm to each.
The judge who brawls the fault and weed
Of fellowmen, we should not heed,
For zephyrs start electric storms
That lay destruction where no harms,
But peace and comfort did abound.
The first one who can man deride
Is he who hath no faults to hide —
And he hath never yet been found

Suffolk, Va. Oct. 1891. William R. Jacobs.

Ant 5262

A Pretty Dimpled Chin.

A pair of eyes may woo us with
a serious look or gay,
And a rosy mouth entice us –
if pleasant words 'twill say,
A handsome hand may hold our own
clasped tenderly within,
But nothing is so fetching as
a pretty, dimpled chin.

Refrain.

A dimple in the chin's a charm –
a kiss by angels given
When its possessor came to earth
exiled a while from heaven;
And ever it should keep us
from sorrow and from sin,
But – there's nothing half so "fetching" as
a pretty dimpled chin.

A pure, white brow may draw us
and lift our thots above,
And a snowy throat allure us
with whisperings of love,
A tress of dark or sunny hair
our very hearts may win,
But – nothing is so "fetching" as
a pretty dimpled chin.

Refrain.

Laura Eugenie Brown.

Little Rock, Ark. June, 1891.

To Eulalia.

No! The friendship that you proffer
Loses every charm for me.
Clasp the willing hand I offer,
Lovingly, or fling it free.

Let the happy vows we plighted,
Like the rainbow arch above,
Partly broken, be united
In the golden light of love.

Or, by storms of passion driven,
Let this upward rolling cloud
Wrap the splendors of our heaven
In its black oblivious shroud.

For your friendship, though combining
All its power, all its art,
Like your love, will soon be shining
But an ember in the heart.

And the dying spark that lingers
Fitful relic of the past,
Will but serve to burn Loves fingers
Ere it coldly winks its last.

Loving words so lightly spoken
And so quickly proved untrue,
Shatter friendship and the token
Of our future is — adieu

M. A. Stewart

San Jose, Cal Oct 5th 1891.

The Prairie

Be thine the high mountain, where storms ever lower,
And winter in solitude reigns:
But mine be the prairie, where sunshine and shower,
Make genial the emerald plains.

Be thine the broad valley, where streams overflowing,
Bring terror, destruction and death:
But mine be the prairie, where flowers are blowing,
Perfuming the vales by their breath.

Be thine the wild ocean, where sea-wraiths give warning,
Of vessels engulfed with their crews:
But mine be the prairie, in tints of the morning,
Or evening's soft roseate hues.

Be thine the dense forest, where serpents are creeping,
And panther and wolverene stray:
But mine be the prairie, where wild deer are leaping,
And rabbit and antelope play.

W. M. Paxton.

Platte City, Mo. 1891.

To Minnie.

"Were all the shells on oceans shore
Resounding with its ceaseless roar,
Their music might be grand, sublime,
A perfect and harmonious chime,
But yet the accents of thy voice
Would sooner make my heart rejoice,
And bind me with a sweeter spell
Than melody from tinted shell.
Were all the beauteous flowers that bloom
To shed on me their rich perfume,
I'd rather share thy lasting love,
And meet thee in the realms above,
Than dwell among the fairest flowers
That ever smiled 'mid Eden's bowers

Elizabeth Otis Dannelly

The Tempest.

Heard ye not the tempest moan?
Far winds, murmurs monotone?
And the hissing splendors thrown,
From the mighty hand of Love?
Heard ye not the blazing line,
Reach and kiss the mountain pine?
Was it from the hand divine,
To the monarch of the grove?

Lo! the stately head is bowed,
And the giant-winged cloud,
Flaps its banners, long and loud,
Round the torn and bleeding stem.
Falling to a whisper low,
Ling'ring, as if loth to go,
Weeping o'er that fatal blow,
Hark! the chanted requiem.

Sleep, O Sleep! thou forest king!
Fan'd nomore, by tempest wing,
Lowly, where the blossoms spring,
And the chirping crickets call.
Lowly, tis the monarchs fate,
With the meek of earth to mate,
Brothers of one common state,
Pride must surely have its fall.

Charles. Henry. Foreer.

Poesy.

Ah, Poesy! Heaven-born gift divine!
A joy supreme as morn or set of sun;
A solace to the weary-hearted one;
A presence pure, beneficent, benign,
Whose influence doth every thought refine.
Thy imagery hath excellence outdone,
And Love in thee an added charm hath won.
Of all things beautiful thou art the shrine.
Thy votaries are found in every clime;
Even lauded Genius waits uncrowned till thou
Hast placed thy fairest gems upon his brow.
Thy grand creations live throughout all time.
Aspiring souls, that ever upward climb,
Reach thy far height — find a power sublime.

Helen Field Comstock.

The Sea.

When wilt thou rest, O Sea!
Thou of the restless heart;
Grand in thy majesty,
Wailing thy lost, apart!

Thy sorrows will not cease.
There is no rest for thee,
No one to speak thee peace,
As Christ to Galilee.

And thou hast heard, when time
Shall be henceforth no more,
In the celestial clime
No ocean-surge will roar.

Thou, who art now so fair,
With crested wave in sun,
Thou, with the heart of care,
Forevermore, undone!

Mighty and grand and strong,
Majestic, wild and free,
Can an eternal song
Be perfect without thee!

Luella D. Smith.

Hudson-on-Hudson. May, 1891—

"Inter Folia Fructus."

A Birthday Greeting
Inscribed in a copy of Whittier's Poems.

Between these leaves a fruitage grows,
Which with eternal sunshine glows:
It cheers the heart, delights the eyes,
And teaches what paternal ties
God's thoughts, in nature's care, disclose—
Besides this harvest which bestows
On all refreshment and repose,
For you another hidden lies
Between these leaves:—

Friendship, untouched by winter's snows;
Ripened affection, which outgrows
This earthly clime, and death defies;
And memories;—these but comprise
A tithe of what my thoughts enclose
Between these leaves.

James H. White.

Kind Words

As messengers of peace,
Unto our lives they come,
Bringing sweet release
To many a weary one.

Deep in our hearts they lie
Treasures that never fade,
Whose brightness by and by
Lightens the darkest shade.

Mrs. M. B. Burgess Kline
Hager City, Wis.

Heavenly Ministries

A smile upon the face of Love
(my low sick couch above)
Woke me from sleep one happy day,
It filled the room
With sudden bloom,
It made the winter May!

A bird lit on the window sill,
And for a crumb sent forth a trill
Of happy song. Our lonely nest,
Heart-touched by its sweet tiny guest,
Thrilled through and through
As toward the blue
The songster flew.

It was the too-still nest of home
Whence one had flown
Away — alone!
A home where death had come.

We watched the bird till lost to sight
And, somehow, dawn rose on our night;
A chastened peace fell thro' the all,
We hardly dared to say 'twas there,
But proud far heights fell wafting down
The shimmering of a crown!

Isadore G. Jeffery

Our Lives are as the Days that go

Our lives are as the days that go
Or bright with sun or dark with cloud.
They bring to men or weal or woe
And bless or blight the circling crowd

Blest is the life that is hid with God,
Whose pathway is a ray of light
To heal the stroke of time's rough rod
And make the gloomy world's heart bright.

To him who living lifts his race
To see & know the sweeter ways
Of his Good Master, Death is grace
And plenitude of endless praise

The wide circumference of soul
That circles through the lives of men
To bless with fellowship the whole
Finds death but life begun again

God rules - the Maker of all things
He crowns the toiler with His rest.
A blessed life in death still brings
The blessings of all blessings best.

Louisville Ky. Marcus Blakey Allmond
May 29th 1891

Sonnet
Inscribed to Senator Justin S. Morrill
On His Eightieth Birthday.

In musty book of Egypt's laws, I read:
Let every action in fair balance weigh,
The truth make manifest as clear as day,
Suspend the verdict over man it said,
That no one be adjudged till he be dead;
So that throughout all time no mortal may,
The justice of a record closed, gainsay,
Nor cast a doubt o'er flood of light thus shed.

I shut the book replete with ancient lore,
It seemed to me I knew a man living,
To whom his country safely could assign,
An honored name, still living - and add more
To record fair, that no one could malign,
Of Statesman, who this day has reached fourscore.

April 14th 1890. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren

The Sweetest Eyes.

Which are the sweetest-eyes, to you,
The brown, where fire and langor, meet?
The merry laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies?
Or violet, so soft and true,
Tell me, which are the sweetest-eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head
"Her radiant-face seemed half divine
"The sweetest-eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine"

Mary A. Denison.

Washington D.C.
June 8th, 1891.

Pa 1982

The Past And Present

While contemplating on the past
The year thats fled and gone
There's many things we did neglect
And duties left undone

Many kind words we might have said
Good deeds we might have done
But O the time cant be recalled
The year of ninty one

There let kind word from each one flow
And good deeds not be few
That joy and happyness reign supreem
In Eighteen ninty two

For when we each our duties do
In word and deed to all
Refection on the past is sweet
No wish for time recalled

Wm Rice

A Love Song.

Why do I love thee so, sweetheart?
I cannot tell, Love knows no why
It cannot reason, but I know
The love I bear thee cannot die.

How do I know I love thee dear?
Love's signs are known to all the world,
So plain, that he who runs may read,
His banner always is unfurled.

When thou art gone, dear heart, I see
No beauty in the fairest things,
No melody in song of birds,
No music in their rustling wings.

How do I know I love thee, dear?
By what thou'st made the world to me,
By the new joy I find in life,
By all I mean my life to be.

By deeming all of woman-kind
Perfect and pure, because of thee—
By finding life worth living, dear,
I know thou'rt all the world to me.

Florence A. Jones.

Hampton, Iowa May 27 - 1891.

She Sleeps

She sleeps! the strife of life is done
And all its warnings cease:
She sleeps! that fair and faultless one
Has entered into peace
And tender recollection keeps
Its watch o'er one who softly sleeps.

She wakes! for lo the shadows fall
From her young soul away;
She answers to the morning call
Of God's eternal day
And endless daytime brightly breaks
For one who in her Saviour wakes.

Margaret Hunt Brisbane

Vicksburg Miss.

To, a young poet.

If you wish, to be a bard,
You must study well, and hard;
But, all this, I must confess,
Will not make, you a success:
'Tis a gift, or natural thought;
Something which, can not be bought;
Though you strive, with might, and main
You can not, renown attain,
Without this, inherent gift,
Words to use, and thoughts, to sift:
So, if power, you lack, to rhyme,
Better wait, a little time,
And not do, like this my plan
Poetize before, you can.

Lyman A. Ferris

Oct. 5. 1891. Bernhards Bay, N. Y.

On Awaking from Sleep.

The night came on, I laid me down –
I closed my eyes and sweetly slept;
The hours went by to me unknown,
And still I was in safety kept.
What power preserved and guarded me,
Unconscious thus of all around?
Who touched me that I woke to see
The light of morn, and new life found?

The globe on which I dwell resolved
With even pace the sun to meet;
The night was into day resolved –
Whose beauties now my vision greet.
O God! Thou art; or, I were not –
Thy power preserves the world and me:
Thee would I own in every thought,
And to Thy name all glory be!

Westminster, Md. James Thomas Ward.
Aug. 21st 1891.

Success.

The following lines ~~upon Success~~ are taken from an Ode to the Alumni of my Alma Mater:—

Our friends upon Commencement day,
Brought flowers which they gave,
To show respect for all that love,
We were supposed to have.

Their petals faded, one by one,
Have fallen from the stem;
And, like the honors we received,
No one now cares for them;

But in the scrambling fight of life
Each one must fight alone
Upon himself must base his hope
Make that the solid stone.

The busy world don't care of we
Have diplomas by the score;
'Tis real merit, pluck, and worth,
Required, and nothing more!

Henry E. Ragsdale.
Aurora Ohio.

Fate.

Within the shadow of a mighty tree
A floweret grew,
As fair and beautiful as one could see
The whole world through.

The birds sang love to it the honey-bee
Assailed its heart;
The love-born zephyrs whispered plaintively
Their woes apart.

But vain and fruitless were their plaints and sigh
It might not be;
The floweret gazed, with ever longing eyes,
Up to the tree

But, ah! The tree gazed only at the sky,
With yearnings sweet,
Nor noticing the lonely flowerets sigh
Low at its feet.

Rufus Cyrene MacDonald

Boston, April 30th 1887.

Emancipation

Heart-doors, long shut, swing softly now ajar —
While o'er the world this dream-moon blooms in light
And Memories with wistful eyes and white
Calm brows just touched with gloom steal forth afar
Down dream-ways still. No rude new cares now mar
The echoes of their eerie talk, nor fright
Their timid steps. They fill the purple night
With elfin song — the face of each a star.

But lo! the emerald glow of moonset pale
Receives within its crystal brim the rose
Of blushing dawn. Up, shepherd! safe in the doors
Of night fast closing, far from out the vale
Where shadows flee, thy starry flock now hail.
'Tis trenchant day! Let Spectre-Pasts repose

C. H. Fuge.

Night on the Cumberlands.

When night drops low o'er gaish day,
And stars dip half their jewels down
From out the gorgeous milky-way
The battlements of God to crown;

I lie upon the utmost rim
Of mount sun-kiss mysterious heights,
And far below I see the dim
And distant dancing Sparta lights.

Where silence keeps a tryst with rest,
Save when the killdee's startled cry,
Breaks o'er the ridge's lonesome crest,
With swish of owlet's wing close by;

And burring beetles idly float—
Dullard giants in a land of ease—
And whippoorwill's lamenting note
Goes sobbing thro' the sombre trees;

When darkness shadows shroud the wold
Above the Wild-cats gleaming bars,
And fire-flys flash their belted gold
The wand'ring ghosts of fallen stars;

O' Cumberlands! thy restful might,
Greet as falls the evening's glow,
And bid the world a fain good night,
And then to Isles of Dreamland go.

Cleburne, Texas. James Graham

Agnosticism.

From unknown clime a soul comes into form,
Naught can it tell us of the place it left,
Of of by pending land or if it drift
It wends earth's shore, and anchors it point heart
Will question, Why?
Joy, toil and pain, awake up the weary day,
Life is an long struggle to exist,
The strong survive, the weakest pain desist,
Shall this be change into a better way?
And if so, Where?
Across that silent and mysterious sea
Which all mankind sailed around the world,
Death's chilling breath blows, and the sails are furled,
Life passes on into the great — To be
Still questioning, Where?

John E. Robson

The country School

Forty little lasses fifty little boys,
Hideous in their chatter fearful in their noise,—
Climbing our fences, coming through the lane,
Rushing up the valley, dashing o'er the plain,—

All on in a hurry, disregarding rule,
Rosy red and breathless tumbling into school!
Children of the wealthy, Children of the poor,
On a common land seek a common door.

Laughter effervescing, full of mirth and glee;
"Full of fun and frolic spiced with chivalry
Some as bold and daring, some a little shy,
Half grown lads and lasses courting "on the sly."

Boy in linsey-woolsey scarcely yet shorn,
Making pretty speeches to a girl of seven,—
Rapid little gallant, roguish little Jay
There is no mistaking young America

The boys go to the left, to the right the lasses
Tete a tete disturbed resumed again in classes
Dainty little Misses gallant little Mans
Unknown to teacher pass their bill-et-doux

Smiling little urchins, blooming little lasses
With their eagle eyes seeing all that passes
Order not in order. Folly, wing rule!
It surely must be pleasant teaching country school

Thos. M. Clayle
Shoals Ind.

Henry Hastings Sibley.

In mettled Youth the stalwart pioneer
Who strode the forests; scaled the dizzy steep;
Taught the avaunt savage justice to revere,
And plowed the path of empire wide and deep.

In early Manhood builder of this state —
A leader and a master, laying down
The rod and rifle for the realm sedate
Of legislator, and the civic crown.

In life's rich Prime the soldier, when strong arm
Imperilled thousands wrought deliverance,
Whose cool and prudent prowess quelled alarm
And quailed the foe before his angry glance.

In stately Age the counsellor and friend,
The splendid model of our men to be,
Serenest sage. Gentlest of gentlemen;
Rare autumn ripening summer's fulgency,

His past secure in history's golden urn,
Honored and loved through all life's shining span.
His future safe. Late be he ours to mourn —
The great and noblest Minnesotian.

St Paul, June 6, 1888. Henry A Castle

Fourth of July.

What glitters in the sunlight so gay
The Star spangled banner of this nations day
All over this country from every dome
Where bufaloes and indians used to roam

Hark, songs, shouts and the sweet music strain
This desert now waving with the golden grain
All is waving in glorius calmly motion
Canons roar, fier display from Ocean to Ocean

This motion of progress with increasing speed
Dear american citizens, never retreat
In our age of the mighty Steel
Let's push along the progressing wheel

G. A. W. Boedecker

Buckline Kansas
July July The 4th 1891

Remembrance.

Whenever alone I stray,
Adown that shady path where merrily
We rambled many a day,
Each flower and leaflet seems instinct with thee,
Though thou art far away;
And spurning all the spaces that divide,
I still in fancy linger at thy side.

I will remember thee;
And when before our Father's throne in prayer,
I humbly bow the knee,
I'll ask for thee all blessings rich and rare,
As thou, too, dost for me;
So maybe God, who notes the sparrow even,
Will write our names together up in heaven.

Viola E. Smith,
Mapleton, Iowa.

I Need Thee Every Hour

I need Thee every hour!
Now hear me while I pray;
And by Thy loving power,
Recall me when I stray.

When night shall hide my sky
And I in darkness grope,
No other helper nigh,
Be Thou my friend and hope.

Pass me not by I plead!
At all times, everywhere,
My helpless soul hath need
Of Thy unsleeping care.

Rebecca S. Holden.

Smyrna Me Oct. 6 1891

Consolation.

'Tis said that when we need them most,
Our Summer friends take sudden flight;
And leave us only with the ghost
Of lost delight.
While hopes are high, and no alloy
Beclouds our path in life's bright noon,
They cluster round with love and joy,
Like flowers in June.
But when our fortunes all decay,
When care and sorrow wring the heart,
Like Autumn leaves they fade away
And soon depart.
In vain we clasp our trembling hands
With pleading eyes, and tear-wet faces;
They're gone "like foot-prints on the sands",
And leave no traces.
Then let us place our trust on High;
That when deserted, sad, and lone,
Our "faith can see with lifted eye"
Our Heavenly Home.

Frances Birdsall Stearns.

Some Sweet Day

There are many ills in life
And theres many a care and strife
And theres trials to endure
But the prize is also sure:
And the journey may not be
Just as plain as plain can be
But strive on 'twill surely pay
. . . . Some Sweet day.

There's many a pain and ache
And there's so very much at stake
Life at best is full of care
And we always have one share
But strive to gain that haven
Where palms and crowns are given
Yes: strive on 'twill surely pay
. . . . Some sweet day.

Your hands with toil are weary
The days are dull and dreary:
Harsh words are sometimes said
Piercing heart and aching head
And the cross may heavy prove
But there is a God of love
Who will most surely pay
. . . . Some Sweet day.

J. W. Sage

The Bard of Helicon.

I saw a bright-eyed youth, with tresses curled,
and cheeks that blossomed in the spring of life,
Behind him leave the din of mortal strife—
Thro shadow pass, out of the busy world.
I followed, and I heard him speak in tones
Befitting angels—soft, musical and sweet,
In which far heaven and the earth would meet,
And mingle into love in yellow zones.
Alone, a path of emerald he tread,
Where streams melodious, by vales caressed,
Streamed out the purple shadows of the West,
And to the shining sea of glory fled.
He paused, and listened with a poet's ear:
The birds had each a strangely-rhythmed tune,
And flowers, from floral gardens of the moon,
Had mellowed into good the atmosphere.
He gazed at heaven, and, brimming with desires,
He saw beside his feet a crystal stream,
Whose tinkling was the music of a dream;
And, kindling into flame the spirit-fires,
He drank afresh from Helicon's girt-spring,
And wrote a poem which the world admires—
A golden lyric that the angels sing.

— Jas. Lee Mray.

Catawba Jct, S.C.
Jan. 26th 92.

A Thought.

If from the coming days of our existence
The curtain of the years could lifted be,
And we along the unknown future's distance
Our destined fortunes might depicted see;
If through fate's magic glass for one brief minute
A glimpse were proffered us adown the years,
Of all life offered, all allurements in it,
All joys and sufferings, all smiles and tears,
How few, I fear, would crave the doubtful favor
To look and read their varied portions there —
The trials, struggles which shall make us braver,
Or daunt the spirit with their load of care!

Ah, no! when once our temple is erected
The beauty of our dreaming hours is flown;
The charm of life lies in the unexpected,
The bliss of thought in what is still unknown.
There is a nameless pleasure in deceiving
Ourselves with hopes that life can ne'er fulfill;
A strange, sweet happiness in yet believing
The future holds her treasures for us still.
And none would willingly the sibyls olden
Invoke to write their coming smiles or tears,
Or seek to lift, in search for fortunes golden
The slowly-rising curtain of the years.

Dudley Louis Bodge.

Greenwich, N.Y. Oct. 7, 1891.

My Beautiful Home.

Washington is A noble name;
That nature blessed with gold and fame:
How proud I feel that I can say,
Fair Washington is my Home to day.

Its lofty peaks and snowy crest,
Lie burried minerals of the west:
Thats stood the test for many A year,
And been explored without A fear.

Wealth and splendor is thine to day;
While the sun still shines with glorious ray:
I ask no fairer Home on earth,
Then the freedom of fair Washingtons turf.

Isabella Barnes.

Teanaway Wash. Nov. 23. 1891.

Remembrance of our Heroes.

Let us cover these mounds over.
With the beautiful flowers of May.
We have gathered and wreathed for dear ones.
Let us cover them over to day.
Time has left us but few comrades
And they soon will pass away
Each year leaves new mounds to cover.
With the lovely flowers of May

II.

Days of danger, and camplife over,
Few old soldiers remain to-day,
And their lives are fraught with hardships.
Heads once black are silver gray.
Care for those while yet you have them
For the time's not faraway,
When the mounds that cover them over.
You shall claim the flowers of May

Mill Grove Mo
May, 1890.

Mrs. A. Cooper Smith

Farewell.

The bosom of you lake
Soon as the daybeams fade
Is forthwith seen to take
A sadly sombre shade:
Withdraw from me the light
Which beams from thy bright eyes,
And o'er my heart the night
Of stinging sorrow lies.

Farewell! farewell! and yet
'Twere hard for me to tell
All, all the wild regret
Hid 'neath my soft farewell.
My life shall be a stream
Of depths as dark as night
Tho' on its surface beam
The sunrays, warm and bright.

James William O'Brien

Midland, Michigan. October 19th, 1891

Opens and closes.

On gentle wings the morning sun is coming
To open the day and close the night,
To open the gentle morn of life,
To open the peaceful hour of care,
To open the right and close the wrong,
To open the blooming years of youth,
To open wide the blessing of virtue,
To open all to God on high.

On gentle wings the darkness is coming,
To close the last golden moment of the day,
To close in the peaceful care age,
To close in the precious love of good,
To close out hatred and sin,
To close in the fearful groan of death,
To close out misery and shame,
To close in all to God on high

J. B. Brown

Corydon, Ky.

Foreshadowings.

The robins are trilling their sweet-toned gladness
Along the maple-shaded street,
The sun has dried the tears of the twilight,
The morning is with joy replete.

The children are racing with shout and laughter,
Fair maidens pass with dreamy eyes,
And dainty babies, wrapped in love and laces,
Look on the world in pleased surprise.

A dark-robed nun with quick, light step moves by them,
I know not, if in smiles or tears;
So, through our bright and happy hours, so lightly
Glide shadows from the unknown years.

L. Adelaide Wallingford

Lowell, Mass.

"The Promised Land."
(Sung at opening of the International Council of Women.)

Our weary years of wandering o'er
We greet with joy this radiant shore:
The Promised Land of Liberty,
The dawn of Freedom's morn we see,
O promised land! we enter in
With "Peace on earth, good will to men;"
The Golden Age now comes again.
Lo breaketh every bond and chain,
While every race and sect and clime
Shall equal share in this glad time.

Toilers in many fields have come
With sheaves for this our Harvest Home;
While spirits true in every age
Have won for us this heritage.
O golden dawn, O promised day!
When error's lost in truth's clear ray!
Freedom for earth is best for all,
The Golden Rule our bugle call;
While as to victory on we move,
The banner over us is Love.

Elizabeth Boynton Harbert

Right and Wrong

Popes sophistry - "Whatever is is right" -
Must vanish into nought before the light.
The cruel wrongs on earth, of man to man,
Will hardly bear the rays of heaven to scan.

Full many a foolish deed we wish undone,
Full many a course of ruin ne'er begun,
Full many a wicked thought lies hid in shame
Which even devils would not care to name.

While countless woes proclaim unnumbered crimes
And blood beclouds the record of all times
Justice in turn will visit every fraud -
Where angels weep, - though fellow men applaud

If Right is sometimes trampled in the dust
It will triumph finally with all that's just.
Be not misled by ignis fatuus light,
While Truths unerring beacon star shines bright

As long as Right contends with wanton Wrong
Each manly man with valor will be strong, -
With faith and courage high the standard raise
Till Right shall conquer Wrong in endless days.

Abel Beach

Michigan

No lofty mountains rear their heads
To aid her azure sky,
To pierce the fleecy sunflecked clouds,
In grandeur floating by.
Her placid rivers gently roll,
Oh, to her inland seas,
Where stately vessels spread their wings,
To every passing breeze.

Green slopes, and sunny hills abound,
With valleys, snug between,
O'er dotted with white cottages,
Bright, happy homes I ween.
And Northward, waves her forests deep,
The dark, sweet scented pines,
Which moan, and weep at eventime,
Like mourners at their shrines

Her birds sing sweetly in the wood,
Her flowers bloom as bright and fair,
As in the land, where never comes,
Stern winter, with its chilling air.
Her children love her rugged clime,
Neath winters gray or Summers skies,
Nor would exchange for Southern clime,
Where summer never dies.

George W. Swarthout.

Laingsburg Mich

Day.

By Mrs Helen A. Hains

The day walks in with numbers clear and loud
Behind the bars are closed upon the night
The river-mist ascends in snowy cloud
Transformed to fleece as clearer grows the light

The floral eyes with lashes wet with tears
From last night's dews, awake but sleepily
And faintest streak of gold and red appears
With pungent scent to lure the wandering bee

The swallow dips on silver-mounted wings
To ev'ry breeze that blows, then sails away
To trackless fields of air beyond, that brings
A clearer vision of the god of day

The train of shadows disappear in space
Like gloomy doubts before a heaven-born ray
All living things assert themselves a place
And join the matins heralding the Day

December

Blow, northern winds!
To brace my fibres, knit my cords,
To gird my soul, to fire my words,
To do my work, for 'tis the Lord's,—
To fashion minds.

Come, tonic blasts!
Arouse my courage, stir my thought,
Give nerve and spring, that as I ought
I give my strength to what is wrought
While duty lasts.

Glow, arctic light!
And let my heart like burnished steel
That bright, magnetic flame reveal
Which kindles purpose, faith and zeal
For truth and right.

Shine, wintry skies!
That when each brave day's work is done,
I wait in peace from sun to sun,
To meet unshamed, through victory won,
Your starry eyes

Louisa Parsons Hopkins

Birth-Day Lines.

Ah! what is the record of these sixty-one years?
Does it tell of good deeds for humanity's needs,
Of help to the sorrowing—the kind word that cheers
The soul in despondency, the heart heavy with tears?
Have the years of the past been lived all in vain
And the pathway of life been tainted with stripe
For honor or fame, or gross worldly gain?

The deeds we have done and the words of our pen
Whether good, bad, or both, are but an outgrowth
Of the soul and its environment in its earth-stay,
And as such should be judged by our fellow men.
When we shall have reached our spiritual birth-day

John Motchkiss

Fox Lake Wis.; Nov 1891

To-Morrow.

Oh, put the fear from out thy heart,
From out thy tone the sorrow,—
If thy heart's wish come not to-day,
Be patient till to-morrow.

From one soft shower the bloom of May
To light and gladness springs not;
One sunny day enough of warmth
The fruit to ripen brings not.

The sun must shine, the breeze must blow,
The dews have fallen often,
Before the ruddy tints may glow,
Or the crude juices soften.

Then take sweet counsel from the flowers,
Wisdom from nature borrow,—
If thy heart's wish come not to-day
Be patient till to-morrow.

Caroline Frances Orne.

To C. E. S.

If thou, dear one, wert far away from me
And continent lay between, or ocean wide,
When long I knelt to pray at eventide
First on my lips would be my prayer for thee
And all the distance would as nothing be
To swift winged blessings that would glide
Thou hast gone from me & the grave doth hide
Thee in a shadow wider than the wide sea,
Yet when I kneel at morn or eve to pray
Shall I not pray for thee? How can I bear
Never to say: "God keep thee"! Ne'er can come
A day I do not love thee, must I say
No word of love? Thou livest, dear somewhere:
Why, if the dead are deaf, must we be dumb

Claude Moore

Thomaston, Me. — 1891

Imprisoned.

Deaf, dumb, and blind,
Oh! God, but it is hard, —
No light, no sound,
Darkness more dense than Night,
And silence as profound as though
the grave,—
Had closed above the living,
struggling form,
While neither speech or glance,
proves reason reigns,
Triumphant on its throne.

Angeline A. Fuller Fischer
Omaha, Neb. June 1891.

Waiting.

One year ago in the twilight shade,
At a garden gate, stood a maiden fair,
Robed in a garment of white, while played
The deep'ning shadows athwart her hair.

Thrown in my life mid the city's din,
'Mid hurry, confusion, turmoil & strife,
With a sad wild yearning, so strange within
I had thought in despair, there was naught in life.

When I met this maid, at the garden gate,
Of her woodland cot, in the twilight pale,
Where, led to her side by a kindly Fate,
I looked & loved; — the old old tale.

The shadows from out my heart went by;
In its desert an oasis green sprang forth,
New-beauties of earth and air, and sky,
Her love, to my doubting soul gave birth.

× × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

O'er her grave the tearful willows wave
In lieu of my heart and arms so warm;
Of kisses and tender words — the grave,
In cold, dread silence, embraces her form.

At the gate, when the twilight shadows fade
When the vanished maiden in spirit is there,
On the little top bar, where her hand hath laid,
I will bow my head in silent prayer,

That as long as I live, no matter where'er,
My labor and life be noble and free;
For I know at a Golden Gate afar,
A maiden is watching and waiting for me.

Mary E. Sykes

Calabasas, Arizona
Nov. 18th 1891.

Good Morning!

Good Morning! Long the night may be,
Until day break, and shadows flee;
Yet, measured by the pulse of Time,
Alike, the day and night-hours chime,
Though tired heart, and wearied strength,
Accuse them of unequal length.

Good Morning! As the night-is past,
And sunlight-glory comes at-last,
So, of our darkness and dismay,
We may be able soon, to say;
"This, too, at last, has passed away!"

Good Morning! May the day be fair,
With grace and gladness everywhere,
And all Life's errands lead the feet
In pleasant paths of service sweet,
Till Evening's curtain, shadow-wrought,
With shining stars is deftly caught,
And Heavenly voices, understood,
Proclaim both night-and morning, "good."

Peoria Illinois. Nov 1891. Julia H. Johnston

Baby's Gone

Only a baby's form
laid in a casket fair;
Only a tiny curl
Cutt from its auburn hair.

Here an empty cradle,
There an empty chair,
And thats the baby's picture
Under the lamplights glare.

Only a last long look
At my darling little one
Only a last sweet kiss
And all is gone.

Adelaide Randall.

Merrimack. Wis.

A Friend

I have many a friend,
But in-good sooth not one,
I like them, they like me,
But when that's said and done
It is all we but live
On life's surface, you know;
Ah, be sure 'tis not safe
To the depths oft to go!
"'Tis not safe?" 'tis not possible:
Few would desire
Thus to kindle love's fire.
And so, on, on we go;
Faith, 'tis far better so.
But if ever I find
That one friend to my mind,
I shall know him, and he too
Will not be behind;
Like quick silver globules
Our souls must unite,
And never to sever,
'Twill be love at first sight

— W. Burt Harlow. —

Syracuse, N. Y Nov 1891

A.
Monumental Inscription

Stranger beneath this mound repose
The pallid, sleeping forms of those
Who prone like thee in life once trod
This footstool of the living God.
Who in the rapturous scenes of life
Shared in its joys its cares and strife
Engaged like thee in Earthly Bliss.
Nor dreamed a Tomb prepared like this
Pray now dear friend, at once prepare
With them this, lonely, bed to share.
With them in above to seek a home
Beyond the lone and silent Tomb.
To Mrs A. T. autograph
Responsive from the Realms above
Come down the Echoes of true love,
Those Echoes sweet must come alone,
From God, — From auspicious Throne.
All here below must turn to dust
God lives, tis He, who we may trust.

Linus Townsend

Apollo pa. Nov. 16 1891

Sonnet.

To Mary.

A Flame of the olden time.

I.

When I look upon thy face,
Fair lines of beauty there I trace,
And when I search within thy mind
The sparkling gems of thought I find.

II.

The Queen of Love breathes through thy form,
She gave to thee her golden Zone,
Thy matchless grace and beauty send
Love's flaming dart my breast round.

III.

I saw thee like a transient beam,
Or the gentle vision of a dream.
Though short the hours I spent with thee,
They linger in my memory.

IV.

When the sable Goddess, Night,
Shuts out the golden rays of light
Come gentle image, ever dear,
And with the angels linger near.

Alexander J. Farrow.

Portland Mills,
Ind.

"Little May"

The years she had numbered were only two,
Her curls were golden, her eyes were blue,
The cottage was low and the porch was small,
And the sweet little voice could fill it all,
As swinging she sang, in her baby way,
"Happy day Happy day,
When Christ shall wash my sins away"

The syringa that grew as high as the porch
Had budded and bloomed that Spring,
And the branches all laden with sweet white flowers,
Had shaded the child from the sun for hours,
As swinging her kitten she sang alway
"Happy day Happy day
When Christ shall wash my sins away"

It was only two lines which the dear one knew,
And each day as I listened I wondered long,
Why she had fancied that rhyme song,
But I only thought it a sweeter guise
Of the pure little nature from Paradise,
And felt she was safe for many a day,
From sins which Christ must wash away.

The Spring and the Summer and Autumn had fled,
And the sweet white flowers and the child were dead,
Only the myrtle from under the snow,
Without any blossoms were touching her brow,
Our hearts which seemed breaking could only say,
For her alone is a "Happy day
She hath no sins to wash away

Many the years that have almost passed,
And the snows of the winter are coming fast,
But ever they bring us the old refrain,
And we feel we must see the child again,
And our hearts are so heavy, in faith we pray,
"Happy day, Happy day",
When we shall see our "Little May".

H. Ellonderwood

At Dreams' Bright Gate.

Beautiful Angel of Dreams, await
The heart-pillowed hopes at Dreams' bright gate;
Light up the way of the pearly tears
Till the bow of promise there appears
As a Jacob's ladder set in gold,
Where the rose of Love takes tendril hold,
Twining the rounds of the ladder sharp,
Till the ladder becomes a heavenly harp
At Dreams' bright gate.

Beautiful Angel of Dreams, keep on
Bringing rare blooms where blooms were gone.
Building up homes, and hearts, and then
Bringing our loved ones near again;
Shine, as the sunset that never fades,
Painting the gleams without the shades;
Linger in hearts till gloom is gone;
Sunset is sunrise beyond, and on
Past Dreams' bright gate.

G. L. Wilson.

Center Point Iowa

Poetry

Profoundly grand and deep the thoughts
that fill my brain
Of Homers Iliad through time
to Miltons Strain
Ever evolveing lusterous lights
appear on earth
There's Shakespere Byron Burns and more
of precious worth
Right here and now are Poets
worthy of renown
Yield unto them their due place on
their heads their Crown

Thomas Street

Vineland

New Jersey Nov 17 1891

Vida.

In Memory's halls there dwells a child
Of earnest face, and sweet and mild.
All things as jewels round her glow.
Her soul is full of sweet content.
So beautiful and innocent
And pure in heart as stainless snow.

— — —

Still dreaming on, she dwells in clay,
And smiles as flee the hours away.
She seems to walk a higher sphere.
Her years on years roll slow along,
Her voice breaks forth in sweetest song,
The footfalls sound of angels near.

— — — —

They rustle mid the golden sheaves,
They whisper in the autumn leaves,
The Echoes bear the angels' song.
They tinkle clear in Morning's breath,
They trembling wait at Winter's death.
She murmurs low their ranks among.

— — —

She gathers daisies fair and white
And lily-blooms are her delight.
Her soul seems rapt, she loves them so
Her violets and eglantine
And branches of the fragrant pine,
Fair clusters will all gleam and glow.

Julia M. Hartley.

Cutler Ind. Nov. 15th 1891.

Carroll Co.

Sonnet.

A caterpillar groveling in the dust,
Lives for the future and prepares to die;
Within a self built sepulchre will lie,
Until God wills that mystic prison burst;
When changed into a being wondrous fair,
The loathsome worm will rise & seek the skies:—
The thing that crept on rainbow pinions flies,
From flow'r to flow'r without a single care,
A butterfly living on roses' breath;
Thus man, for a brief season steals away,
Lies down to rest on the cold couch of death.
But if asleep in Jesus, his form of clay
Will in celestial beauty, rise from earth
To joy and glory of eternal day.

Mary C. Ryan.

Ft. White, Fla.,
Nov. 28. 1891.

The Little Log School House.

In an old familiar nook
By the away side near the brook
Neath the tall and stately monarchs of the dell,
Stood the little log school house
Where my school boy days were spent,
Where my school mates, long ago I bade farewell.

In those happy spring time years,
Ere the storms of life began,
When we lads and lassies danced so merily,
Came our country's call "To Arms"
And the "Boys of Sixty One"
Quickly marched away to fight for liberty.

Master raised a company
For the Fourteenth cavalry,
Four and twenty boys enlisted from the school,
Jo and George at Shiloh fell,
Tom at Murfreesboro died,
Nick and Rodey, John and George their scars still wear.

Thus from school house East and West
Went the patriotic boys
From whose ranks four hundred thousand nine returned
Dead in strength of manhood's pride
For the Stars and Stripes defied,
For their country, homes and loved ones far away.

W. R. Chamberlain.

Chicago, Nov. 27, 1891.

Sonnet To Milton.

Milton! thou Titan of the epic song,
Majestically thy verse moves on sublime,
Above the wrecks and ruins old of time;
In stately numbers, thrilling grand, and strong,
High o'er the singers of the lower throng.
Reared on the loftiest pinnacle, thy voice
Wakes the wide world, and nations now rejoice!
And weary hearts grow fresh through ages long
Life's plane is elevated by thy lay—
The world made better by thy poesy,
Which soars so high— thoughts radiant roseary.
Before thy mighty march the night gives way,
O minstrel of the glorious epic flame—
O great protagonist on the field of fame!

Thomas Brower Bacock.
Topeka, Kansas, Nov-18th 1891.

My Bargain.

My vineyard lies before me,
I've duties to perform;
Be up, my soul, and doing,
The task is thine alone!
"My vineyard lies befour me,"
My fate, — to me unknown
If rich will be my vintage
In sunshine — or in storm.

But then, what can it matter
If peace I have or strife?
I faithfully must labor,
Must seeds of goodness sow;
For with the world a bargain
I have made long ago:
The world owes me a living,
I owe the world — a life!

Houston, Texas, Nov. 1891.

W. Willner,

Sorrow & Smile

I wonder if the merry laugh
Which hides a world of care
I wonder if the happy smile
From lips so sad, though fair;
If the laugh which comes from a weary heart,
Or the smile which comes when hot tears would start
United, would form a prayer

The prayer born in a burdened heart,
Sent up in wild dismay,
When, though anguish is hidden there,
The mad world buds be gay—
The prayer which the burdened heart sends up
When drained to the lees is the bitter cup
And naught keeps care at bay.

I wonder if the tears we shed,
Or the aches our heart has known,
Or the cries our murdered joy sent up
O'er our hopes which were o'er thrown,
If the tears we wept in our agony,
Or the aches known not in eternity,
Are known to our heart alone.

I wonder if when death shall come,
When Time beckons us away,
When heart throbs hush and brows are cold
If our God shall say us nay,
When we hear the call, is it woe or bliss?
Shall we bid farewell to all of this—
Shall we catch a glimpse of day?

Mattie A. Hallum
Texarkana Ark.

True Happiness

I

What happiness it gives!
To kindly speak a word
To hearts, with sorrow grieved,
Does joy, and strength afford
Oh may our words in kindness flow
To bleeding hearts! with grief and woe.

II

What happiness it gives!
Some needed good bestow,
Our brothers' wants relieve,
When burdened here below.
Lord help us all kind deeds impart
To those distressed, of broken heart

III

What happiness it gives!
For us to others do,
As we would have them give
For us; Doth peace bestow
Then may we keep the Golden Rule,
And happy be, while ages roll.

IV

What happiness it gives!
Our Father's Will to do,
His precepts faithful keep.
In all our Journey through
Ye shall be happy if ye know,
And keep my Words while here below. John 13:17.

V

What happiness it gives!
On Gods own house of prayer,
When streams of Joy and peace,
Each heart in love doth cheer.
Oh may we seek that holy place,
And taste the fruits of heavenly grace.

VI

What happiness it gives!
To walk without offense,
And keep the conscience clean
From guilt, and carnal sense.
May we from sinful lusts be free,
In heaven forever happy be.

Morrill, Kans. J. S. Mohler.

Night & Day

Entwing a vesper faint - will steal
across my soul, ;"
And I will pray :
And I will see dark billows near me roll
And every voice will whisper unto me
"Come! for the night - is here and all you
need is rest —
Come! fold your weary hands upon
your breast -"
And in the morning I will wake & see,
The faces that - I love,
So strong & jubillant - my heart will be —
And I will ask & find I am in
heaven —
And every voice unto my soul will
say,
"Arise! for it is day."

— Mrs M Winterrmute —

The Columbian Exposition.

Arise ye nations of the earth,
Forget your narrow creeds,
And clad in regal robes of light
Prepare for noble deeds;

The sun of Freedom's in the sky,
And from Columbia's face
Is beaming forth the light of love,
In all its winning grace;

With richest bales of merchandise,
And choicest works of art
Load down your ships of the ocean wide,
And from your shores depart;

We'll meet you with fraternal zeal,
Beneath our gleaming skies—
Engage you in a friendly strife
To win each worthy prize.

Here on the shores of Michigan,
Beath temples grand and fair
We'll solve the problem of the race,
That's darkened all the Past—

We'll place the glittering prize in view,
That all who wish may scan
And realize this last grand hope,
The brotherhood of man!

Oliver W. Barnard.

Manteno Ills. Nov. 12 1891.

Starlight.

By C. H. Pratt.

On a mild autumnal night,
Beautiful, is Cynthia's light;
Stars of Beauty, azure gem,
Like a lustrous Diadem,
Labor ceases, on the farm,
As the twilight spreads its charm;
Blending with the starlight's hue,
On a sky, so deeply blue.

Later, come the hours of sleep,
Which the toiling masses keep;
While the starlight, beaming down,
Veils the country, and the town;
'Tis the gift, of God to man,
In Creation's noble plan;
May we all, in Him abide,
Until free, from Sorrow's tide

Bear Creek. Ohio.
Oct 17. 1891.

"The Damsel Of Bretagne."

Oh, Damsel of Bretagne! alone
In that high tower at midnight hour,
Tis useless thee to moan the walls of stone
that Bristol castle form
Are not more hard to start, than John of Lackland's heart.

Oh, Damsel of Bretagne! thy lot, to gage
On nature fair, and know; thou there a prisoner
Must end thy days, in dungeon cell.
To watch the sky at night the silver moon
To dream, thy brother Arthur yet will come
When he is there, in heaven, at home.

Oh, Damsel of Bretagne! imprisoned bird tis vain
thy lattice bar to move, no peasant hand
Can reach you where you stand, but God above
Who gives the soul release some night will whisper, "peace
Then, thou will go; And Arthur, too, will come
from his bright home, and earth's dark sorrows o'er
The castle of Falaise and Bristol too,
Shall know you train no more.

Dana Harlow Buckfield, "Me."

Arthur's sister, called The Damsel of Bretagne was doomed to perpetual imprisonment by order of John of Lackland."

A Tribute

Once Wisdom, Purity, and Grace
combined
To form a being who to all
mankind
Should prove a friend.
One who in very truth as well
as creed
Would earn this name by kindly
word and deed
And bear it to the end
Then, from the union of this match
less three,
A songster came whose peerless
melody
Hath wrought (may Heaven bestow it!)
A fadeless coronet of pearls so
bright
Gems from his lips — who never swerved
from right —
"Our Quaker Poet"

Mary S Hise

Princeton, Minn Nov. 27. '91.

Politeness

Politeness is heart's ermine, that
The humblest serf may wear:
It hath a royal grace that wins
Attention everywhere.
The careless thrust impatience gives
May wake no bitter cry,
But hearts oft struck grow callous, or
They slowly bleed and die.

Be courteous, then, use love's fine gold;
And richly it will increase,
There's no throne like the human heart
Can pledge or power or peace;
Withhold not, — ah a miser's gold
May yet some stranger bless,
But none inherit aught save grief
From hoarded tenderness.

Lydia H Tilton

Washington D.C.

Reflection

The tree's not as bare
As my life is;
Nor the wind as cold
As the world is;
I shiver and wonder,
If over and under
Cold earth and grey sky,
Sunshine will after
Bring gladness and laughter
When Winter goes by!

My life's not as bare
As the tree was,
Nor is the world cold
As the wind was.
Now green leaves are over,
Returned is my lover
Glad as the linnet!
My heart is the nest
For safe shelter and rest
Love is within it!

Alice S. Delatombe

Gallipolis. O.

A Sea Rose

We hear faint moanings thro' the passages
Of this bright colored shell;
And dream of all the many tinted rooms
Where the sea creatures dwell;
And each doth form its home & tint its shell
And architraves are thrown
Acrosse the tiny columes by a power
Each in its "kind" doth own
In each shell of its kind the selfsame tints
Or colored spot, or ring.
Blindly the little creature rears its home
It is a wondrous thing
That every shell thrown from the ocean's bed
Is true unto its "kind,"
And marked as true in ever whorl & curve,
As seed flown by the wind!
Now timidly I dream the soul evolves its home—
That "house not made with hands."
Just how that house is builded, the soul knows
That in God's full light stands.
Almost as blindly do we build & build
Soul houses where we dwell.
As the small creature that beneath dark waves
Evolves this dainty shell.

Adelaide Stout.

— Camoens —

Soul gifted dreamer! Pilgrim like I came
To Caza Garden, with its classic bowers;
Where nature lavishes her fairest flowers
That waft sweet incense to thy glorious fame
Her tribute to thy pure, exalted name.
Like priest near holy rood, I spent sad hours
Beside thy monument that stately towers
Within its grotto; The undying flame
Of poesy still crowns thee; Child of song!
I gazed upon thy breathing bronze, so true, —
It seemed a guardian of that hallowed spot;
Where groves and walks thy memories prolong
Where every fountain, every tear of dew
Bespeak Camoens's praise with love profound.

Th. B. McTolond —

Written in Caza Garden, Macao. —
October 1881. —

An Autumn Reverie

Softly on the Autumnal breeze
Floats the brown and seared leaves
Youth and beauty both have fled.
And the leaves of Spring are dead

O'er that death scene was no weeping
And the stars their night watch keeping
Saw no Angel hovering nigh
To waft them upward to the sky.

And yet, me thinks I hear a sighing
As of some lost spirit dying
And all around me in the gloaming
Sad the Autumn winds are moaning

And they sob and wail and sigh
A thousand times for the leaves that lie
Crushed and scattered, but not forgot
Oh Leaves! Yours could be a sadder lot

For sometimes in this life of ours
We droop and die like leaves and flowers
Then comes that saddest fate of men.
To be forgotten by every friend

Rhoda S Lindsay

The Rose And Bessie's Picture.

On the stand with your picture one bright summer day
A Rose for a moment I chanced there to lay,
Twas a Rose of the forest, of the rarest known kind,
Such as bloomed in the Paradise Eve left behind,
So Crimson its petals, so fringed with soft fleches,
I can only compare them to your sweetest of blushes.
And so lovely its bearing, so modest its air,
Methought it and the picture must form a twin pair;
But the Rose had scarce given one glance at your face
Ere I saw that a Rosebud had taken its place,
Surprized at its action, I asked of the Rose
What caused you thus quickly your petals to close,
It blushed as it answered, what Rose could presume
To mate beside one of loveliest bloom.

Edwin A. Wetty.

Oregon, Mo. Dec 5th 1891

Metrical Genius

Say what you will on what this gift depends,
It is a gift that only nature lends;
So low it is the humblest mind can reach,
And yet so high that schools can never teach.

As the breeze on the harp strings,
The storm on the trees;
We sing when the song comes
And not when we please.
When the winds on the mountains,
The waves on the shore,
Shall cease at thy bidding
To roll or to roar;
Then the strong pulse of feeling
That throbs in thy breast,
Shall wait on thy pleasure,
To rise or to rest.
For the times and the seasons
Are not at our control;
We may drive the head and pen,
But we cannot drive the soul.
And vain are all endeavours
To give life to what is said;
Except the soul is in it,
It is lifeless cold and dead.

Caleb S. Cope

West Chester Pa
12th mo 2nd 1891.

May

The world is beautiful in early May
The birds' sweet song is singing loud and clear
Echoing and re-echoing far and near
And pleasing all our hearts - it is so gay.
The flowers are pouring delicate perfume
From dainty chalices of pink and white
More fair they seem in Spring's sweet tender light
Than Summer's roses with their wealth of bloom
Now wakes the world from out its winter sleep
Glad in the warm sunshine again to be
The sheep are feeding on the fresh green hills
The soft spring rains o'er budding forests weep
Dripping from every twig on every tree
And trickling down hard in a thousand rills

Elizabeth Kautz
Butler Ind.

Heaven and Earth shall pass away, Matt. 24. 35.
As a vesture Thou shalt change them. Ps. 102. 26
I create new heaven, and a new Earth. Isa. 66. 17

Is all this scene to take a final flight
Like a watch ended Ere the morning light?
No voice comes to us from unnumbered Spheres
To wake a sound upon our listening Ears.
Science is lost upon the starry deep,
Where awful silence reigns, and secrets sleep.
The worlds move onward in sublime array,
And who can say they will not pass away:
For constant change must in its nature tend
To other forms, or to a final End;
To leave a void where Stars again may Shine
Redeemed from loss in glory more divine;
New milky ways on vacant space be born;
New comets blaze, to brighter skies adorn,
Suns with new systems, may in orbits roll
Until in turn, they wind up like a scroll—
Or Else revolve around a central throne,
Upheld by power Omnipotent alone.

Lucian Hervey Kent.

Westfield N. Y.

Youthfull Charms

Fair as the waxen lilly
Whose creamy cup bends low
Bright as the varied hues
Of heavens promised bow

Pure as the wild young rose
Upon the mountains breast
True as the orb of day
That rises and sinks to rest

Art thou maiden, and may
Those virtues still attend
Thee, is the earnest wish
Of youthes admireing friend

Through blushing morns guileless
Hours, and future years
May those eyes glance in times
Mirror, undimed by tears

Leona A Knight

Gibson La Dec 4 1891

The Misplaced Amen.

'Twas Lord's day morn. Ten thirty came;
The parson's year was done;
A year of toil, yet growing fame;
Of battles, lost and won.

From amen corner back to door,
The house was packed that day;
For many came, not there before,
What for, I need not say.

A hymn was sung, a prayer was made,
Another hymn they sang,
And then the Holy Word was read,
Then music louder rang.

The parson rose, when song was done;
All eyes upon him fell;
He read, in soft pathetic tone,
These words, "Brethren, farewell."

"Farewell to all, to-day I go,"
The parson slowly said,
"We never more may meet below;"
"Farewell," again he read.

Then from the amen corner came,
From one of hearing dull,
"Amen, amen, Lord grant the same,"
And then — a holy lull.

John R. Colgan.

Pioneer, Ohio, Dec. 8, 1891.

Memories of Childhood

My thoughts wander backward to times far away,
My heart lingering round them, grows young light and gay
Where My Father and Mother, when evening had come,
And the Children all gathered in that far off home

My memory clings to the stories they told,
And I treasure them up as more precious than gold
Though far I have wandered from that sacred spot,
These relics of childhood here we've been forgot.

And O, it was blessed in that hallowed time,
To hear of that Theme, of all themes most sublime
The theme of Redemption and Christ freely given
To save little children and take them to Heaven.

And I clung to that thought till it took root and grew
Within My young heart and constamped it anew,
With the Christ-Child's fair image so lovely and sweet
That by faith I looked up My Redeemer to greet

And well I remember who taught me to say,
"Our Father in Heaven" and pointed the way,
To that holy land where young Children are told
"The King in his beauty" they'll ever behold.

At the call of the Master I bade them adieu,
And they passed over the River their youth to renew
But their sweet words of counsel My pathway still light,
And I'll join them again in that Day without Night

Nellie Carrier Jenn. H. Stevens

"Di gioia in gioia".

A mother, beautiful and young,
Sang this refrain, in foreign tongue
Above the cradle of her child,
Who in death's slumber sweetly smiled.

"From joy to joy He leadeth me
To brighter springtime that shall be;"
She warbled softly in her grief,
As if the cadence brought relief.

Peaceful and sweet the baby lay,
Like one tired out with infant play;
But he shall never wake to weep,
From that refreshing tranquil sleep.

. . . . . .

'Tis thus God giveth songs at night,
When hearts grow weary for the light;
And oft ere eventide hath fled
Divine love pilloweth the head.

Dec. 1891. Mary Pearle

When The Day Breaks

Sunrise and vernal morn,
And one clear, choral chant;
And may there be no bitter, mournful sigh
When I am called to die!

Sunset and vesper hymn,
And then comes Eventide;
And may there be no broken hearts to bind
Of those I leave behind!

Midnight and vigil hour,
And then comes balmy sleep;
And may the angels ring their vesper chime
When I shall leave this clime!

Angels and spirits blest,
And then comes Paradise;
And may we join the throng, both you and I,
When we are called to die!

Trenton N.J.
Jan. 24, 1891.

W. Hibbert Ware

My Morning.

Westward looks my open window,
So no gleam of silver dawning
Bursts into its silent portals,
Bursts up thro' the sheltered awning
Heralding the birth of morning,
Heralding the coming chariot
Of the day

But I've set your little portrait,
With its saucy face uplifted,
Sunlight 'neath the lashes hidden,
Sunlight thro' their fringes drifted,
Where 'twill bid the clouds be rifted
Where 'twill fill my room with morning,
O rare Fra!

Lilla McGibbs

Footprints And Shadows

"

We are but foot-prints on life's strand,
Incarnate shadows for the shadow land;
Sorrow and hope, and smile and tear
Point to an unknown hemisphere.
Like bold Columbus's ships, they pour
From known toward an unknown shore.

What far Atlantis there may smile,
What fount of youth and Hesperian isle
Each soul adventuring soon must see
Where finite grasps Infinity.

Oh! life would be a sweeter dream
Did it not end in death's dark stream.
Did we not hear the dismal roar
Of death's cold waters at our door,
And know no light or cheering gleam
Shines o'er thes dark Plutonian stream.—

That those who've crossed this Stygian shore
In all the ages gone before,
In all the many crossings o'er,
Returning cross it never more.

Geo. W. Warder

Advice to my Niece

Strew not your path with thorns
I will labor for repentance make,
And thus avoid the many scorns
Which you might have to take

Let all your words be true
Not the effusions of deceit
Leave not your old friends for the new
Nor grasp each palm you meet

If you would think of me
Oft read these lines I pen to you
Just turn the leaf and you will see
My aged picture too

Dec 10th 1892 Harriet M Conklin

The sunset of life

As we approach life's fearful end
We do approve or else condemn
The path we've trod, the race we've run,
What accomplished, what left undone,
For our Creator, always good,
Feeds age again with childish food,
And in the ashes of the past
May come our sweetest comforts last,
Or otherwise, (which God forbid,)
Our deepest sorrows may be hid.
Now blest are they, who know no stain,
To give the heart a twinge of pain,
Or the departing soul affright,
At setting sun, with gloomy night.

John F. Mellen

Amelia Clermont Co. Ohio
Dec. 11th. 1891

Song to Berwick Academy.

O grand old school house on the hill,
To every heart so dear,
Thy glorious every memory fill
With scenes so bright and clear
We have in thee a parent kind,
A friend how firm and true;
What grace and charms in thee we find
What praise to thee is due.

Our careless steps in youth you led
Through many pleasant ways;
Our eager minds with knowledge fed
In our happy, glad school-days.
What lessons from Nature thou hast taught.
From the glories round thee strewn
What love of beauty thou hast wrought
In all who thee have known

The rivers winding within our view
Will reach the ocean side;
And bear their scenes for others new,
Borne on by an endless tide.
So tho' our lives must drift afar
From our schooldays on the hill,
No evil thoughts shall come to mar
The memories that lingers still.

Berwick, Me. Lora Vida Getchell

Answer to "We are growing Old."

We are growing young! we are hastening on
Through life's fast fleeting day
To join the Blest, in their bowers of rest,
Where Saints and Angels stray.
Though our house of clay weareth fast away
The immortal Soul within
Looketh out still bright, with her eyes of light,
Till eternal years begin!
Nearer and nearer, every day
The starry crown to win,
She is leaving the land of pale decay
And the shadows of grief and sin.
Strange forms are gathering round us here.
And hush'd is Hope's early strain,
But soon we shall meet the lost and dear,
And hear her sweet song again
We are growing young! for our Saviour saith
In the Word of eternal truth
That beyond the portals of time and death
Lies the land of immortal youth

Theodosia H. Beveridge.

Consolation.

It is sad indeed, when the world goes ill,
To struggle along without feeling the thrill
Of friendship, love, and the golden store,
That binds mankind to the other shore;
To gaze into eyes that once were dear
And find no response, no sign of cheer;
To feel, as the madding crowd moves on,
That no one loves or would give a song
To fill your soul with the overflow
Of their own full hearts that are all aglow.
It is sad, I know, yet I'll not live in vain
If I dissipate but one heart's pain,—
If I sing one song that will lead some soul
To the saving grace that can make it whole,—
Or lift a young robin back to its nest
And the warm love found in its mother's breast,
Or simply speak a word that will cheer
A fainting heart, or dry a tear;
For the dear, good Lord who rules over all
Will reward such acts, be they great or small

Howard Keeler.

Despair.

Alone! Alone! All, all alone upon
The surging billows of a fretful sea.
Alone! Alone! While o'er me break the dark
Tempestuous waves of a neglected life.
No calm, no light, no gentle voice to say
Unto the troubled waters, "Peace, be still."
No hand to guide the helm, no one to give
Advice in th' hour of dread uncertainty.
Above, beneath, and all about me naught
Except the dread, impenetrable gloom
Of dark despair. No hope of reaching port;
No hope of clasping once again the hand
Of those I love. With anxious eyes in vain
They'll watch expectant for my wayward bark,
But it will never, never, come in sight.
By adverse winds far driven from my course
I nevermore may hope to reach the track
Of vessels homeward bound. Hope lost, there naught
Awaits me now save what <u>the hopeless</u> e'en
May hope and <u>without disappointment</u> — death.

M. Victor Staley.

Oshkosh, Wis., Dec. 15th, 1891.

Wait.

Seems there a hand outstretched to bar the way,
A voice that says, "This door to you is closed";
Are all your plans mysteriously opposed,
Your course of progress hampered by delay?
Seems chance to you but mischance, with no ray
Of clear good fortune through the clouds disclosed,
Though some appear to thrive who idly dozed
While you were up and doing with the day?

So seems it to us all. Though long delayed,
Your time will come, so labor and be wise;
So came the Indian's, who had sought the aid
Of a small shrub - it failed him - in surprise
He frowned - but there in glittering veins displayed,
Potosi's mine of silver met his eyes!

Levi F. Bender.

Cleveland, O.

Gethsemane

The heart hath its own Gethsemane
Where it boweth low in prayer,
And whether it find it soon or late
I will find it sometime, somewhere.

'Tis found in the way that leads to Christ—
A garden, serene and still,
Where the soul must wrestle, as did its Lord,
Ere to God it yields its will.

Aye, it lies just under the cross, where He
Surrendered his life one day;
And all who enter the Father's House
Must verily pass that way.

'Tis a lonely place, and each alone
Must tread where its shadows lower;
In his agony, even Jesus' friends
Could not watch with him one hour.

Thy paths are safe, O Gethsemane!
And can never lead astray;
For whoso walks with The Crucified,
Finds the life, the truth, the way.

Lou Singleton Bedford

Dallas, Texas, Dec. 12, 1891.

My Idol

I once had a beautiful idol
I deemed it was fairer than day,
And safe from the gaze of the curious
I carefully hid it away.
But a cruel blast from adversity's sea
Swept over my storm-beaten path,
And it shattered my well-worshiped idol
With the venomous breath of its wrath.

And I found what I thought so enduring
Was as frail as the flowers of May,
As at my feet it lay shivered
Into tiniest fragments of clay.
So I buried my poor, broken idol
Far down in my pain-tortured soul,
And prayed that the waves of oblivion
Might forever over it roll

And now I am seeking the substance
That endureth forever and aye,
And am striving to lay up a treasure
Where nothing shall ever decay.
For I know that ere long the Pale Reaper
Will come with a message for me,
And I mean from this time and forever
To worship, dear Saviour, but Thee

Alta F. Gould

A Leaf on a Stream.

I saw a fallen leaf float down a stream,
As flowed the current, so it too was borne,
Far from the stem from which it had been torn
By winds or careless hand. A bright sun beam
Shone on it, as it floated swiftly by;
It seemed so helpless, on the waves alone;
I wondered where at last 'twould praceful lie,
When, lo, mid-stream, against a mossy stone,
It settled quetly, as though to rest.
I thought: The stream is like the stream of life
The leaf a soul, the winds and waves life's strife
The stone christian's only rock of rest—
The Rock of Ages, where the waves lie still,
Obedient to the Everlasting well.

Annie Wall,

Pueblo, Colo., Feb. 1892.

The Two Roads

Two roads level out from our quiet town,
Two roads that are traveled in sorrow o'er
When humanity's weakness has reached its bounds
And the friendships that blest us can bless no more

Two roads leading out where the morning sun
Sheds golden blessings o'er fields of green:
Where dewy diamonds bind blade to blade
And leaf to leaf in glorious sheen.

These roads lead us far from home sweet home
And from quiet paths by our feet oft prest.
Where we dreamed sweet dreams not of ashes and dust.
But of "love at home" and hearts at rest.

Compute the length of these roads, by miles.
But the end – what mortal may know, or see.
One closes the door on the dreams of home.
One, opens the gates to eternity.

The Poor House and the Cemetery

Hattie J. Boydston

Backward, Or Forward?

The world's not growing worse,
But better, every day;
No God's malignant curse
Doth blast and blight for aye,
Nor demon dark hath power
Love's purposes to stay.
Look! note ye not this hour
Your eastern stars swift ray?
Away with groans and sighs and tears!
The clouds drift back! Millennium nears!
Men wiser grow as fly the years!

Battles there are to fight,
But right the day shall win;
Darkness shall yield to light;
Truth shall yet conquer sin;
Cold water take the place of wine,
Men cease to bow at Mammon's shrine,
Learn, love, and keep, the law divine,
But — years are passing! Fall in line!
Grieve not o'er time no longer thine,
The present, each can say, is mine.

By this word be the year begun:
Forgetting things of ninety-one,
And reaching forward more and more,
Nor right nor left, but straight before,
In all our hands find now to do,
Make record bright for ninety-two.

Charles Oscar Mason.

Glens Falls, N.Y., Jan 1st, 1892.

His Guiding Love.

He knoweth where my path must lead,
The way my feet must go;
He points to us the way of life,
Because he loves us so.
He gently leads, I follow on:
I go I not not where:
I know that I can never stray
Beyond his loving care

For he who clothes the fields with green
And scatters bright flowers at will
Remembers of the time when he,
On earth was once a child.
He bore the cross, he wore the crown
Our load he helps us bear;
I know that I can never pass,
Beyond his loving care.

Hamilton Regal

Patmos. O. Jan 6th. 1892

The trampled Flower

Along a wind-blown dusty way
I saw a lonely drooping flower
Its half crushed petals seemed to say
"O that I had some mystic power,
Some charm of beauty could display;
Could laugh amid a pearly shower
And smile the livelong day.

"Why should I bloom unnoticed here
Unseen, uncherished, quite unknown?
The chilly dews of night my tear
Amid my sorrows left alone?

"Ah me, in yonder sweet parterre
How beauteous there the petals burst;
With what devoted loving care
Each floweret there – how tender nursed;

While I, alas; unheard my sigh
If I attempt to raise my head
Some thoughtless idler passing by
Even on my heart doth ruthless tread.

× × × × × × × × × × × × × × × ×

Ah, yes; indeed, some flowers though fair
But born to blush and fade,
To waste their fragrance on the air:
But no: Beneath One Eye I seem,
Each flower and tender blade
Wherever they gleam, His tender care –
A heavenly thought displayed.

J. C. Pillow

San Diego Dec. 1891

Patience in Disappointment.

Repine not struggling soul, though others reach the height
Which thou aspiring, sought with righteous zeal,
Nor weakly envy them; but in well-governed might
Press on; thou get may'st gain the longed for weal
Of partial fame at least; and if not fame at all,
That which is better: power to bless thy kind.
And if by faithful beating 'gainst the hated thrall
That baffles thine endeavor, thou dost show a mind,
To withstand thy forced lot, and strive for wider views
And broader compass, Fortune yet may smile
Upon thine effort, But if she, heedless, still refuse
To grant thy wish, in patience wait the while,
For there are other paths thou mayest in meekness choose,
And follow trustingly; content if God but smile,

Virginia D. Carey

Corvallis Oregon

Acrostic

This book dear reader you will find
Has many a thought, for many a mind
Endowed with various traits, but still,
Remember you may, if you will
Relieve the hours which tedious wait
In searching for thy thoughts a mate.
Not with a critics eye alone
Give it a notice, but in tone
So glad inflectioned, let us hear
How Truth in language, is made clear
And, if this verdict be attained,
We have our labor's object gained.

Mrs. Jennie Southwell Lewis
Hillside Cottage, Iowa

Spirit Breathings

My spirit soars high, on the wings of Thought
To the ideal realm of the mystic sphere;
Bright fancies, heavenward rising, are caught
Like sun-rays that sparkle on burnished spear

Though the weighted being mournfully lies
Enthralled by the earthly cares of earth,
The spirit untrammelled, with rapture flies
To the source of creation whence came its birth

Then rejoice with me that through realms afar
My soul floateth free as a wild wood bird;
My thoughts, like the breath of the angels, are
Vibrating with joy — are with ecstasy stirred.

Aye, rejoice with me that, though chained to earth
Remaineth the form, the spirit may rise
And soar to the heavenly realm of its birth
To bask in the sunlight of Paradise

Emily Thornton Charles
"Emily Hawthorne"

Helen.

Upon the Valley's lap
The dewy Morning throws
A thousand pearly drops
To wake a single rose.

And often in the course
Of Life's few fleeting years
A single pleasure costs
The Soul, a thousand tears.

Thus often in thine Ear,
My Loves pure passion taught,
A thousand hopes I breathed
To wake one tender thought;

And if within thy heart
That tender thought arose,
That one faint throbbing cost
My Soul, a thousand Sighs

A. A. Coleman

Ala.

The Goldfinch.

Sweet bird! that, ere the world awakes,
Sits softly singing manifold;
Sits swinging toward the golden dawn —
But hasta no need to borrow gold.

Dear Goldfinch! all the worlds attune;
Thy lightest note finds sweet response;
My soul and thine are full of June,
And June is full of love and peace.

Hid in the heart of yonder pine,
Thy heart-mate whispers holy rest;
There swingest on my window vine —
Red roses press against thy breast.

Betwixt the working and the work,
Between the darkness and the day,
This is the hour of native prayer;
To live and love is now to pray.

Sing I the joy that dwells within;
Sing there the joy that is abroad;
Sing I the hope of higher song;
Sing both — the smiling smile of God.

Clinton N. Goff

Waiting.

My lips are singing — my soul is sad:
Sing on — sing on — my lips shall cease;
The far, far future's voices glad
Are anthems of such souls at peace.
O long, so long, my hours and life —
I know but Time as mortals know —
They say it is soon — they say the strife
Should shorten years — O heart is't so?
They say my steps are hard because
The hills I climb look out so far;
O Lord of Heaven, they say Thy laws
— To us, untaught, stupendous are.
O soul and life — O distance, death —
To-day is keen — tomorrow never:
I call and call — they say my breath
Shall pass — the need remain forever
I know but time, as mortals know;
Alas, I know such pain and fear;
Joy is the promise, the payment woe,
Yonder the guerdon — the price is here.
The hills I climb look out so far —
O Lord of Heaven look down and sign;
If these, my ways, so perilous are,
Give me the sight and sound of Thine!

Santa Barbara — Isaac Rieman Bailey —

St. Cecilia

When St. Cecilia, soul of song and fire,
Heard angels sing the numbers which had lain
Unutterable within her fervid brain,
Heart-sick with hopeless passionate desire,
In fragments at her feet she dashed her lyre!
Broken, it could no longer mock her pain,
Nor voice so all the sweet, ideal strain
Which rung anew down the heavenly choir.
O sad Saint! was it not enough to know
Such music *lived* though still beyond thy reach?
And wiser far, with tender touch and slow,
Thy instruments mute helplessness to teach?
Content if ever from its strings should flow
Some syllables of that celestial speech?

Frances L. Mace

What Good Have You Done Today?

The silent moments are swiftly creeping,
Are speeding the nights survey;
The sun now into the darkness leaping,
Is shedding a dawn-kissed ray;
The vivid flash of the day is breaking,
Be up with a will and away;
The world with a load of care is creaking,
What good can you do today?

The noontide glare of the day's bright flashing
Is seen on the fevered brow;
The heat and strife of the conflicts clashing
Are raging in fury now;
A chance now lost, may be lost forever,
So strive in a gallant way;
And let it be as your grand endeavor—
What good can I do today?

The crimson tints of the sun's clear setting
Are domed in the western sky;
The shining gems in the sky's blue netting
Will soon be arrayed on high;
The days gone past in their silent turning
Forever have drifted away
The heart speaks forth with an eager yearning
What good have you done today?

Louis N. Crill.

Richland, S. Dak. 1892.

"Truth crushed to earth," shall rise in might.
If backed by energy and sense;
"But Error" oft renews the fight
While "Truth" sits idly on the fence.

'Tis the record of the ages
Since the World by man was trod,—
That Satan has dared most to bring
The nations to his nod,—
When clouds of adverse fortune
Hung round the camp of God.

So dared the hordes of Egypt's proud aristocracy,
When Israel lay blockaded
By the mountains and the sea;
So dared the hosts of Treason,
On a dark October day—
When they thought the "mudsill" Sheridan
"Twenty miles away".

Prattsburgh, Steuben Co N. Y.
Mar. 1st 1892

R. N. Van Deusen.

Departed friends will never return
From soul improving joys of heaven
Where maturity expands their powers
And capacity overflows with pleasure

yours sincerely
M Wallace
Huntsville
Tex

Where do the Birds go.

Where do the birds go when they die?
A note dropped out of the upper sky,
Silence, where something lived and stirred
In a whirl of melody without word —
That sudden silence that fills the gap
Where the lines of life and Eternity lap.
A tiny, downy shape in the grass
Pleads: but where does the onebody pass?

I think, when the song birds come to die,
And fall unseen from the branch, or sky,
Yon that spot of grass where the tiny throat
Lay at the last with its broken note,
A flower springs up for the soul of the bird
As sweet to sight as the song we heard.

Marion Manville

Sonnet.

I miss thee at early dawn, love,
When in the faintest gleams,
O'er blooming glades and hills, love,
And over glittering streams —
The morning light breaks forth, love,
Chasing night away —
When the glad lark proudly soars on high
To warble his matin lay.
I miss thee, too, at Eventide —
When the rosy-tinted West
Is bathed in floods of golden light —
As the Day-god sinks to rest;
When dew is gently falling, love,
And twilight hour steals on —
When alone, I watch the stars, love,
As they come out one, by one.
I miss thee in the silent night;
When not a sound is heard —
And a leaf, or flowret,
By passing breeze is stirred —
When over land, and sea, love,
The moonbeams are at play.
Oh I am sad and lonely, love,
When thou art far away.

Mayfield Ky. Rose Heath.

Go, Be Free!

I loose thee - go, be free!
Dear anxious, tortured heart,
Nay, I would not have thee sing
When thou hast an eager wing,
Longing for a life apart -
Go, be free!

I loose thee - go be free!
Love lifts thy prison bar,
Now no more for freedom long
Give the world thy happy song -
I watch thee from afar,
Go, be free!

I loose thee - go be free!
Joy shines within thine eyes,
To one who goes the world is fair -
The stayer feels the keen despair,
Who in lone anguish cries -
Go, be free!

I loose thee - go be free!
Ambitious, trusting one,
When tired thy once eager wing,
Lost the song that thou wouldst sing
And life seems all undone -
Come to me!

Anna J. O'Hamilton.

The Dead Word

There is going forward a continual extinction of the words of our language
French

Ah, speak it very softly, it is dead.
So soon the sad estrangement on its face,
Familiar but a brief time gone. Its place
Knows it no more. Be no cold judgment said
Of harsh or sweet, let death be hallowed.
From the far silence of a by-gone race
A choir of spirit voices plead for grace
To whom this word was dear in days long fled.
How fresh it shone on many a thoughtful scroll—
Now turned to dust! From many a fervent soul
On eager wings of praise and prayer it sprung.
Where warm it fell from love's impassioned tongue.
Let lies it there and with no lip to own,
With all its life and all its meaning gone.

Julia Boynton

If Love Were Life.

If love were life and hearts more tender were;
Or growing old or dying would there be;
Or eyes from too much weeping, feel the sea;
Or more the brow be the interpreter
Of care beneath, nor soul a prisoner
Within a cell, but like a bird that flies
Would spread its wings through all eternity;
If love were life and hearts more tender were

It is not hard to understand God's plan,
Nor be submissive when submission sweet;
As flowers simply learn to bloom, and man
Should simply live to love, or else defeat
The Maker's will, which He has made so clear,
That love enough would make a angels here.

Binghamton, N.Y. May 16th 1891. Mary A Mason

Life's Lesson of Faith

The lion whelped upon the desert gray,
The roe that roams the woodland virgin deep,
The eagle fledged upon the lonely steep,
The culver brooded on the breezy spray,—
Found each on waking to this mortal day
One that around most tender watch did keep—
In its defense, would dare the deadly swoop
Of loathsome bird or fiercest beast of prey.
And for the child unborn — and oh, so near it! —
A mother's arms are yearning — whether strife
Be, too, its heritage or kingly state:
Blest hope! if thus abiding every spirit
There is such love on coming to this life,
Beyond shall naught this infinite longing wait.

Henry Jerome Stockard

A Poem
On Jesus' Miracle at the Wedding Feast.

The conscious water knew its Lord divine,
Thrilled at His glance, and blushed to
ruby wine!

S. Fillmore Pennett
Richmond Ill. Sept '91

Woman's Brightest Jewel.

What is woman's brightest jewel?
Is it eyes of deepest blue,
Soft and gentle in expression,
Beaming with a lustrous hue?
Or dimpled cheeks fair and rosy,
Venus-like of finest mould.
And beauteous silken tresses,
Like the ray of sunlit gold?

Or round full lips of cherry hue?
Her teeth of pearly whiteness,
And her long and drooping lashes,
That shield her eyes of brightness?
Is it hands so fair and shapely—
So patrician and complete?
Or kneeling of whose ruby lips,
Fills the soul with rapture sweet?

Or all her diamonds shifting light,
On her fair and shapely hand—
Or rubies red, and pearls of white—
Jewels rare at her command?
No, 'tis her fair untarnished name,
Shining as the burning fuel,
What the water cant extinguish—
This is woman's brightest jewel.

Alice Hawthorne

Louisville Ky. June 15. 1891.

On The Death Of A Gifted Poetess

As the red sun light oer the waters beaming
With dying fulgence streaming far and wide
The life of one it portrais to my dreaming
Gone down to slumber in Death's waveless tide.

Death from mid air descended through the sky
Curbed his pale coursers mortals to survey
Thee seraph from his fatal clouds did spy
His flying shafts hurled on his guiltless prey

His first great choice the gifted and the good
His care, how to inflict the direst pangs
Of woe on mortals in disputeful mood.
To stain with bleeding hearts his horrid fangs

So counting up the mighty sum of grief
Her dulcet tuneful powers, with hollow voice,
Our loss in her effulgent being brief
Well pleased, fit subject found her of his choice.

Thus we behold thee Death through Sorrow's tears
Her Guardian Angel dear in deep disguise
Least deed of love, (that dark to us appears)
From this drear earth to bear her to the skies

Heaven's windows opened and long rays of light,
Down slanted on her through this dark abyss
Come up and don thy robe of Heavenly white
The angel voices cried and dwell in endless bliss.

Epping N.H. 1850 Matthew J Harvey

White Lilies.

I can but think from the world of light,
The fields of heaven so pure and bright
Came those lovely lilies so strangely white

They make one think of Heaven I know
Of a sweet one there that loved them so -
Those delicate bells of scented snow.

Borne to earth upon angels' wings,
As each his beautiful burden brings,
A pean of joy the glad earth sings.

Benton City Emily Vail.
Andrain Co. Missouri.

Sunset.

How splendidly those yet unpurpled clouds
Flush as they float into intenser floods
Of sunset-glow! Pure fleece becomes pure gold —
Gold that, anon, porphyrogene appears:
Tint into tint, or flashes now, or fades,
Turquoise and topaz softly interfuse,
And garnet, kindling, into ruby burns,
Until yon Titan-group of thunder-crags,
That gather gloom to intercept the light —
Colossal shapes, thrown into bold relief
By the refulgence of the occident, —
As though convulsed by fierce intestine fires,
Dissolve their solemn league; each beetling brow
A lured lustre wears; each shaggy breast
Is seared and seamed with sanguinary scars,
And from a chasm, cleft in their bloody base, —
That yawns, a dread apocalypse of hell, —
In long, red, forked, wildly-flickering tongues,
Flames, as from Tophet, leap! × × ×

Theo. H. Hill.

Outlines

Only a word "fitly spoken",
In kind affectionate tone,
Only a word may be volumes,
To one who's weary and lonely.

Only an act of devotion
Done with a glad willing grace
Only a smile, it may brighten
The look of a sorrowful face

Only a bird that is singing
Out in the old maple tree,
Only a song, but its sweetness,
Tells it is happy and free.

Only a star that is shining,
But it gleams, a gem in our sky
Only a hope, but it reaches
On through the sweet by and by.

Violet E. King

Albion, Ind.

Black Diamonds—The Mind.

Deep down hidden in the earth
Lies a stone as dark as night;
'Tis costly, and you must dig
To bring this dark stone to light.

The miner digs and digs again
With more than care, perhaps a tear,
But his work is not in vain—
He finds the stone so dark, so dear.

The workman takes it to refine;
Soon it is bright, and then a spark
Ten thousand beauties burst and shine
From this cold stone so dark.

The mind is dark when given,
But with an earnest search for light
It comes and like its Maker
Shines on on forever bright.

Minna Lollar Wrightman.

Harper, Nev. 7/18/91.

The River of Love.

1.

I stood 'neath the boughs of a willow,
Where th' currents of two rivers meet,
And look'd from the depths of its shadow
That fell like a veil at my feet.
I watch'd the two rivers flow onward,
In union toward the deep sea;
Flow on in felicity homeward,
Enrapt in their own harmony.

2.

I thought, as I stood by that river,
Made one by the union of two,
Of lovers who journey together,
With souls that are faithful and true.
I thought of the meed of their pleasure,
As pure as the sun's golden beam,
Which blesses true hearts without measure;
As sweet as the smiles of a dream.

3.

I thought of the lives that flow onward,
As rivers flow on to the sea,
Enrich'd with the fruitage of concord,
Which blesses through eternity.
I look'd and I saw on that river,
Two lives that my heart did approve
How fondly they smil'd on each other,
And named it, "The River of Love."

Nov. 12th. 1891. G. H. Walser.

Thanks

Thanks for the rare and graceful gift of flowers
That came to me tonight
Bearing through all the winters frost and chill
Soft gleams of summer light

Above the half closed petals of the rose
Sweet song notes seemed to rise
As when in June's fair morn some happy bird
Goes singing to the skies

But dearer far than any gift can be
~~The thought that~~ ~~hast~~ ~~kept~~
The thought that hast kept
Within thy heart one memory of me
One that hath never slept.

If when the blossoms of another year
Are bright on every hand
Some thought should come of those who are not here
But in the summer land

Thy faith will teach transcending all thy fear
That they securely dwell
Where brighter than earth's roseblooms all the year
Heaven's fadeless Immortelle

Readfield Me Nov 16th 1891 Ee L Rideout

Golden-Rod

Commonplace,
With an unaffected grace,
By the dusty road unfolding,
Sunshine into blossoms moulding,
Every careless, nodding plume
Bountiful with golden bloom;-
Common faces thus seem fair
For the sunshine that they wear.

Bravely bright,
Catching and reflecting light,
In earth's barren places living,
Getting little for its giving,
It unconsciously bestows
Heaven's light, whereby it grows,
Adding to the weary way
Its fresh grace for every day.

In the frost
Will its blossoming be lost
When the plumes, with silver hoary,
Slowly fade from golden glory?
Not if in our lives the grace
Of the beautiful finds place.
Sunny lives, its blossoms say,
Have brave hearts for every day.

Alice M. Dowd.

The purest gift

In my heart are places many,
Which I give to bless mankind.
One for sympathy and pity,
Patience too a home doth find.
A home for thanks and gratitude
For mercies shown to me;
Forgiveness, may it claim its part,
Wherever I may be.

A place for joy, and sorrow each,
For fortitude and strength;
That I may try to faithful be
And find that Home at length.
A little home for faith is there,
And generosity.
And little faults that dwell know
Had never ought to be.

Deep in the center of the heart,
With all these gifts around,
There is the dearest gift of all
That in the heart is found.
For there's the grandest power yet,
Which mortals claim above
All gifts of earth or heaven's land,
That little word called Love!

Ina E. Crocheron

Bountiful, Utah. Aug 2nd 1891

The Lily of the Heart

I saw a lily pure and white,
A blossom of the rarest hue;
With fragrance of the dewy night
And petals slightly shaded blue;
But not content to share the sight
I rudely touched the blossom rare,
Quick as I touched, it wore a blight,
And drooped its head and faded there;
And then I wept my harshness o'er
To think so cruel I had been
And firm resolved to touch no more
That only lived by being seen;
So is the lily of the heart
That springs from out Love's early dream,
We, thoughtless, trifle with each part
'Til seed the blossoms each have been;
Then death, dissension, discord rings
Where once but stood Love's roseate—
Oh! stay thy trifling ere it brings
Our hearts to meet the Lily's fate.

Florence O. Nov 20. 1891 Roswell Derby Jr.

LAURA.

I saw the moon in yonder skies.
And all her jewel-stars arise,
To make the scene as soft and bright
As moon and stars could make the night.

The gentle breeze came forth and kiss'd
The flowret's robe enareath'd with mist,
The Nightingale with sweetest tune,
Trilled a lay for leafy June.

All in this calm and lovely hour,
Fair Laura slept in latticed bower,
She slumbers sweet in soft repose.
As dewdrops in a damask rose.

As bright as stars may Laura's hours,
Pass off in pleasures sunlit bowers,
And round her heart in clusters twine,
The love that makes this life divine.

Louisville Ky
Dec. 1891

Alexander Evans

A Pink-White Glory of Clover.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Linking with summer's light:
A patch-work gay, all nectar,
Makes hills and valleys bright.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Comes in the rose-set June;
When the sky above is bluest,
The world with joy a-tune.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Out-lasting summer flowers;
The roses, blooming and fading,
To autumn's chill, dark hours.

A pink-white glory of clover,
Going only with the leaves,
With the fall of the maples crimson,
The binding of the sheaves.

Ella M. Truesdell

Cornellsville, Dec. 11, 1891

Nom de plume - Florence Lane

"Our Helplessness"

How helpless we are at birth and death,
And the intervening space,
Wherein we have but measured breath
To help us in the race.
And we must learn in other powers
To bury up this frail skiff of ours.

Life's dangers deep and dark are spread
So bridgeless everywhere,
That navigators ought to dread,
And steer with utmost care,
For oftentimes a small mistake
Can make our hearts and fortunes break.

The strongest cannot go alone —
Each life is but a part
Of something stronger than its own,
That feeds the hungry heart;
For every heart must find its food
That makes its length of life seem good.

Life's strength! what is this strength
We all would fiercely claim?
And feel within ourselves at length
That another's help is shame?
A power must be that we unknown
Wherein we each can walk alone.

Mame L. Foster Parker.

Meriden, Conn.

There are deeds that glow and sparkle
As the dew drops in the sun,
There are hopes that like the roses
Fade and vanish one by one
But through all the years that follow
There'll be found on Memory's page
Recollections pure and holy
Where they'll shine undimmed by age,
— Charles Clyde Jones, Mechanicsburg

If I But Only Knew.

I took her hand in mine, and smiled on her.
The words I said were spoken sad and slow;
But what I murmured then, you may not know —
Her bosom's stilly depths would never stir:
For, like a cameo cut upon a vase
The passionless repose of her sweet face
Was harder by fond passion to be borne
Than withering accents of intensest scorn.

I know not; — ah, if I but only knew!
Perhaps there lingered in her mouth's sweet bloom
The faintest shadow of reluctant doom;
Perhaps those large, dark eyes, were wet with dew —
Only a hint of love's sweet tenderness
A secret sigh, my shrinking soul to bless.

Luther G. Riggs.

Genoa Junction, Wis.
Sept. 28, 1890.

On The Chesapeake.

Thank you for your pity, stranger,
That my life upon the Bay
Is so full of toil and danger,
And no pleasures, as you say.
There are two sides of that picture,
One, so warm, and clear and bright,-
That it truly hides the other
As the dear Sun hides the night.-

I've a cheery little cottage,
Loving wife and children three,
And I know this very minute
They are watching out for me.
In an hour if God so will it,-
I shall be with them again
And the welcome of their kisses
Will refresh like summer rain.

All my toil will be forgotten
In the comfort of my hearth,
And the pat of tiny footsteps
Be the sweetest sound on earth.
Our supper will be frugal,
But prepared with loving hand
No King could feast more royally,
With kingdoms at command.

True, we struggle for our living,
Have our trials here and there;
But in trusting to our Savior
We are happy anywhere.
Thank you for your pity, stranger,
But it needed not for me;
Give it to some lonely creature
Without wife and children three.

Mary E. Ireland

Washington. D.C

Trust

Pale buttercups enclosed in snow,
Look up to light
And through the chilling hours of gloom
Endure the night.

Old robin, on ice-freighted bough,
Chirps still of spring.
And thus enduring, waiting makes
An easy thing

Meek, trusting child, a first-step takes,
Nor heeds alarms.
Untried, forsooth, the pathway leads
To mothers arms.

A weary world sinks to repose,
The day's work done,
Content to know 'Our Father' keeps
To-morrow's sun!

Annie H. Smith

Atlanta, June 2, 1891.

Enkindled.

Upon my hearth the lifeless ashes lay.
Quenched beneath idle embers cold and gray:
No generous glow of kindred coals a-fire,
No leaping life of flame that must aspire.
But searching low, two living coals I found.
Hidden from air and shut away from zeal,
That by close contact, each enkindling each,
Answer my patient breath at one glad bound
And burst in lambent flame from smouldering fire,
Like panted grace, responsive to desire.

× × × × ×

O Holy Spirit! Lord and fire of love,
Give as we find beneath our ashen heap
Some quenchless spark of love lit from above,
Live coals, whence Christlike fervors leap.

Mary Kent Adams Stone.

Orange, N.J.

June 1891.

Angel Ministrees.

We call them dead who've left us.
A strange misnomer this;
The crystal lenses of this life,
Disclose a Life of bliss.
Whispering breezes from Hereafter,
Pulsate through the Earth's wide strand,
As the breezes from the ocean
Find their way far into land.

Tender, motherly devotion,
Grown to guardian angelhood;
Still dispensing heavenly counsel,
Yet so dimly understood.
Fathers bending o'er the battlements,
In ministry of love;
Sisters reaching out for brothers
From the glory heights above.

Absent children penning letters,
From the school-room of the sky;
And we sometimes catch their message,
As the night-shades wander by,—
Just as birds from out the Woodland,
Sing their song, then upward soar,—
Sing their song, then plume their wings
And leave it silent as before.

Sarah B. Coopee

San Francisco. June. 12th. 1891.

A Song From The Waves.

White capped waves are brightly flashing, dashing
From the quiet shore,
Tis away their voices lifting, drifting
To return no more.

And our lives their pathway taking, breaking
From the silent past.
Turn not back their path replacing, tracing
Onward to the last.

Let them swell the current pending, tending
Toward the good and great,
Help the lives so sadly drifting, shifting,
Drift toward Heaven's gate.

Gather joy and strength by sharing, bearing
Joy, or sorrow's weight.
And your songs more sweetness lending, blending
Drifting through the gate.

Lucia N. Gould

Schroon Lake
N. Y. May 26. 1891.

From "Life Pictures."

Though the wings of fancy's pluming far
outspeeds the eagle's flight,
If they soar not in the sunlight they will
end in darkest night;
If romance holds forth a false light,
it shines out amid the gloom,
Still it dances o'er corruption, leading
only to the tomb;
Glim'ring out from dark morasses,
where the trav'lers lose their way,
Fading, dying if you hold it in the
light of present day;
Then e'en realities trifles may outweigh
this film of air;
Still a turning spray from fancy
forms a wreath exceeding fair

Olin W. Page.

New London, Conn., Oct. 5, 1891.

Autumn.

See the leaves around us falling
Emblems of mortality
They speak to man in solemn tones,
Thou too, must fade and die.

All nature mourns. the little birds
Sit sadly on the spray.
And seem to sing in sad ning tones.
Passing away. passing away.

The fairest prospects earth can give
Friends. riches, all decay.
And like the fading leaf and flower,
Too swiftly flee away.

But faith looks up from this world afore
To a land of eternal bloom.
Where the leaves never fall and flowers never fade.
In the land beyond the tomb.

Mrs. E. Watters.

Washington Iowa, Oct. 6: 1892.

Duty

Duty points the way.
We should go each day.
If we listen to her voice
Trying to make the best choice.
We'll be happier
And the world better.

Then let us obey
Though dark be the way,
Over rough and stony roads
With grievous, burdensome loads
To be borne alone
Ere duty be done.

Let us murmur not
Though weary our lot.
There are some with heavier loads.
Who must go o'er rougher roads
All their earthly days
And be poor always.

Though we have not done
All we had begun
God knows when we've done our part
When it is best to depart
From this mortal strife
To eternal life.

Julia F

The Songs that Live.

Ye gather the songs of the poets score,
As the tattered leaves of a well worn book;
Then lay them away.
As a child, in play,
Treasures bright stones from a sparkling brook.

The luster soon dies on the pebbles of stone,
While the gems grow brighter, day by day;
The poets true words,
Like carols of birds,
Shall cheer us forever, forever and aye.

In the growing dawn, there are pure, rich tints,
Then the pure, white light, leaps, in glory, free;
The grand deeds of Earth
Had a noble birth,
In the heartwarm words of sweet poesy

G. Henri Fogart, Brookville, Ind.

Oct. 4-1891.

Slander.

The clouds which for a time obscure the sun
And cast their fleeting shadows o'er us,
Can hide his dazzling rays but for a while—
He still lights up our way before us.

When wafted by the winds across his face
He re-appears with greater brightness;
More dazzling to our eyes appear his rays
To scatter the impending darkness.

So may the tongue of slander cloud the name,
And dim the lustre of the purest;
To injure both their character and fame
It is of all base means the surest.

But if their innocence they clearly prove,
By both their conduct and transactions,
More bright will be their fame, more true the love
Of those who censured their good actions.

Yours Truly
Thos. J. B. Rhoades.

Boyertown, Pa. Oct 5th 1891.

"Love Not Perishable"

You asked me last night as I sat by your side
If the love that I cherished would always abide;
When the footprints of time had furrowed your brow,
Would I love you as truly, as dearly as now.

You asked me again in tones I remember.
If the joy-dreams of May would stay till December.
When your auburn-brown tresses were silvered with gray,
Would I cherish my darling the same as today.

You asked me again with that love in your eye,
If a Heaven born love would languish and die.
If the love of the Angels, so tender and sweet,
Could be torn from their hearts and cast at thine feet.

This morning I answer your queries in one.
A love that will perish was never begun.
Love tender and true in a heart is unborn,
That lingers today, and tomorrow is gone.

Winona Minn
Oct 6 1891

T. L. Harrington

"The Bound of the Sea" *

The roaring waves can never pass,
The bound of the deep wide sea;
Though they toss they never can prevail,
Against the Lord's Decree;
Who placed the glistening sands for bar
Along the quivering shore
And though they rear up mountains high,
They never can come o'er.

They may lash in fury on the deck
Of the ship, with its helpless load
Or drive it upon the sunken rock
That lies in its fated road.
Or down with their roaring piercing cry
Of the struggling, sinking, soul,
And wash their victims out again,
With every backward roll.

Then moan and moan, and sink abashed
Before the wondrous Power,
Which set their bound to them forage,
Since first Creation's hour.
So the waves of sin can ne'er prevail
Against the trusting soul,
That clings to the Light on the towering Rock
Round which the breakers roll.

E. J. McHenry

Jeremiah chap. V. verse 22.
Fear ye not me? saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it: and though the waves thereof toss themselves yet can they not prevail: though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?

Autumn leaves. Logan O

1 Autumn leaves are falling,
Falling to the ground;
'Tis a signal calling,
And the winds do lefful sound.

2. Like the dead leaves lying,
Around our pathway;
Dearest friends are dying,
Passing far away.

3. Methinks I hear them saying,
Soon your time will come,
Awhile on earth staying,
Then like us go home.

4. Are we growing weary,
Laden with much care?
Is life dark and dreary,
Heavy burdens bare?

5. While none lifts a finger,
To help lighten them;
Still some thought will linger,
Let us use our pen.

6 Some poor poets while here,
Only win a name!
Costing them rather dear,
But whose is the game?

Miriam J. Brehm

Lady Auling.

"Twas on a May morning
The finest morn of all,
When lovely Lady Auling
Invited me to her hall—

Hall of silver'd tissues
So golden and so grand,
Where bright, amber dishes
Sparkl'd on every hand

On a velvet sofa there,
Lovantly carv'd and fine,
I kissed the lovely lady fair—
She gave me kisses back for mine

There was an angel's glance
In the depths of her liquid eye
Which pierced my bosom like a lance
When the morning came anigh

O, cruel it was to leave
This lady for another,
Pining there alone to grieve—
But so it is the world over.

Me an mearies with the rose
And with the thistle down;
And no living mortal knows
What puts the mischief in his crown.

J. P. Campbell.

Abilene, Kans., Oct. 1st, 1891.

The Music of Words.

I love the guitar
And the notes of song birds,
But sweeter by far
Is the music of words.

Tunes perish in time
But a story well told
In rythm and rhyme
Will never grow old.

Moses' Thanksgiving song
When the Red sea was crossed
Still cheers us along,
But the notes have been lost.

Now this little lay
Without tune or time—
A waif by the way—
Has the music of rhyme.

Clara Fowler Smith.

Myers Valley Kansas, October 1891.

A Flower, A Song, A Word.

A little flower we'd cast away
Without a second thought,
Might cheer a heart
Or a joy impart
To a life with misery wrought.

A little song of love divine,
Comes floating on the air,
And brings sweet cheer
To the listening ear
Of a soul bowed down with care.

Only a word, but kindly said,
Falls soft as evening light;
The silvery ray
Will change to day
The darkness of the night.

Only a word, a song, a flower
May turn the course of fate,
Let us give them, then
To our fellow men
E'er we hear the sad "too late".

Emma R. Fisher

Banfield Colo Oct 1st 1891

Evening's Hour

Sweet hour of eve, sweet hour of rest,
When care, and labor's task is done;
When sunset's glow, and shades of night,
Are welcomed by low vesper songs.

The moon in silvery splendor dressed,
Comes forth to reign as queen of night;
Uprising from her ocean couch,
To shed o'er earth her mild pale light.

The stars next follow in her train,
And one, by one, come timid forth,
To deck the canopy of night;
To give this hour a hallowed worth.

And kindred hearts gather around,
The fireside in social glee;
All thoughts of toil are cast aside,
In homes of peace and unity.

Sweet hour of eve, sweet hour of rest,
When moonlit shadows flit and go—
The thoughts serene, this hour inspires,
Seem to link heaven, with earth below.

Emily Reed

Eddyville Iowa

A Fable

Long years he labored, writing night and day,
The people wondering watched him and admired;
Their praise—their homage were at his command—
And so he writ and labored 'till the gray,
Like snowy frosts upon his brown locks lay,
While youth to dare was by his deeds inspired.
His steps grew feeble and his sturdy hand
Shook with a palsy that forbade him more
His pen to ply and so he laid it down
Well satisfied, now all his work was o'er,
That laurels twined in fadless wreaths should crown
His silvered locks, and he would honored go
Down to his grave immortalized below!

When he was dead and days of mourning done,
They who enrichment hoped from his full hand,
Took inventory, jewels found they none;
Of gold of thought no grains! The castles grand
Of his estate were shadowy things of air,
Rich in the flowers which flourished, fading, there!

Nor could they find in all their search his name
Which, while he lived was spoken everywhere,
To grace the templed corridors of fame.
Writ by his hand unclinged the brass to stand;—
Alas! his very name he wrote in sand!

William V. Lawrance

Chillicothe Ohio
October A.D. 1891.

Broken Links.

One by one the links are broken,
Severing every earthly tie;
But we all will be united
In the glorious bye and bye.

Father, Mother, sister, brother,
One bye one are gathered in,
Fading, falling, as the leaflets
Shaken by the autumn wind.

We must bow in humble reverence,
Waiting for the Father's call;
Then will join our dear departed,
Yes, will meet and know them all

Golden links of love will bind us,
Never more to severed be,
When we meet beyond the river,
In that land just o'er the lee.

Mrs Mary J. Clark.
Utica LaSalle Co
Ill.

Immortality

Transient charms that here entrance us,
Are not beauties born of earth,
But glimpses of a fairer haven
Glories of celestial birth,
Heralds from a distant country,
Flitting o'er the silent way,
Pointing to the breaking splendors,
Of a grander better day.

Above the tumult and the tempests
Above the world's unhappy cries
The sighing soul from its still chamber
Has pearly gleams of fairer skies,
Peering through yon silent gateway,
Whither all our journeys tend,
Whilst the eye of faith looks yonder,
Where its joys shall never end.

Sees among the ephemeral beauties
Gleaming mid this realm of tears,
Straying hints of things immortal,
Changeless throug the flight of years,
Hears above this earthly chorus,
From the far off glittering dome,
Strains entrancing, Seraph voices,
Echoes from its heavenly home.

Milton Tailor Kendall

Beyond The Night.

Without an inward fear,
With each incoming year,
I put my trust in Thee,
Grand Master of the skies;
Upward my songs shall rise,
While earthly shadows flee.

While light is o'er the road,
Thy love on me bestowed,
Why should I hesitate?
While clouds enshade the skies
And ills, like storms, arise,
I still on Thee would wait

Thy will be mine to do;
Whether to suffer through
The solitary years,
Or at the miner shrine,
To drink the joys divine,
With happiest of seers.

Thy guide shall lead me on
By ways I have not known,
From darkness unto light,
Till by Thy sovereign sway
His life shall pass away
To realms beyond the Night.

Charleston, W. Va. 1891 Alvaro F. Gibbens

Waldo Ohio June 18th 1899

A tribute to my parents graves

I realize the boon I've craved
To see again my parents graves.
To visit the dear spot of Earth
As memory true recalles their worth

I was Heaven that gave, 'tis Heaven that takes
The mortal is gone, the immortal wakes
To life divine, to light above
The soul rests not here in the grave

The battles worn with life so true
Thank Heaven that ever it gave us Pa
Whose virtues shine in constant light
Thy teachings we cannot forget

Thy bodies rest beneath the sod
We're treading now the paths you trod
And as life goes, through good and ill
Heaven grant, it may be done as well

Galion O. Ellen Hoyt

Christ's Church

What matters it, my neighbor,
That we be not agreed?
The Master counts the labor
And love, more than the creed.
And if, God's word obeying,
Each one his own way choose,
He still will hear us praying,
Whatever form we use.

Though we may sing his praises
In the Druid's strains,
The hymn our brother raises
Be lifted a hearing gains;
And under lofty arches,
Or on the naked sod,
'Tis one procession marches
Up to the throne of God.

For you may find the heaven
Where I should never search,
Without my guide to Heaven —
Our Holy Mother Church,
Men, drawing from each other,
Their temples build apart;
What profits it, my brother?
Christ's church is in the heart.

Frank Lord Batchelder
Worcester Massachusetts
6 October 1891

Gloria In Excelsis.

I sent a ship out on the ebbing tide,
Freighted with all the treasures I possessed,
I knew the sea was boundless, deep and wide,
Yet should it reach its haven there was rest.
I saw it vanish, thought that nevermore
Its wealth – my earthly all – should be returned,
Long years no tidings came from that far shore,
For sight of which my heart so vainly yearned

Within His hand who holds – I said at last –
The mighty waves, I trust my precious freight,
And, lo! the sky grew bright – long overcast,
My ship was signaled, it had lingered late.

* * * * *

The treasures that I sent have all come back,
Increased in value, more than lips can tell,
Such wealth have I that nothing now I lack;
To-night my eyes with happy tears o'erswell.
I think the Father knows our every need;
He gives us better than we ask each day;
Our ships long gone – for tidings, how we plead –
When lo! they glad our sight the while we pray.

So. Natick, Mass. — " — Lilla N. Cushman.

Haste with Me.

Haste with me the woods are fair.
The sunshine lingers softly there;
And dewy gems so fair and bright
Are flashing in the morning light;
Then haste with me, the woods are fair -
The sunshine lingers softly there.
And all the gems of morning rare
Are flashing down so coyly there,
So coyly there,
Are flashing down so coyly there.

Then sing, O sing! the world is fair
As vernal spring forever there;
The world is fair, so fair and bright
Forever where the heart is right.
Then sing, O sing! the world is fair
As vernal spring forever where
The heart is right, and gems so rare
Are flashing down from Heaven there
From Heaven there
Are flashing down from Heaven there!

From
Harp of Hesper. - Mary E Butters.

"Darling, the springtime surely 'll flow,
The flowers of love shall sweetly blow.
And softly fall the silv'ry call
As magic of the bluebells springing,
When thrush's sky note
Swells from sweet throat,
And all the little brood are singing,
And thus love's bells call sweet, and low."

Mary E Butters.

From
Harp of Hesper
Songs and poems

The Boot Black.

I've carried this little pack all day.
I've traversed where the wealthy stay.
I've asked of those I thought most kind
But only one could I give a shine,
I've tried in vain to happy be,
The sun shines bright, but not for me.

My heart is braking - My hat is worn,
I'm hungry too - My coat is torn,
I think of firesides warm and bright -
Who'll bless the poor boot black to night?
I see happy children blithe and free,
The sun shines bright, but not for me.

There is a bright home where parents smile.
The poor boot black be "somebody's child"
They'll need not there the light of the sun.
There'll be no homeless little one,
God's heavenly light will shine so free,
Oh I know it will shine for me.

Laura C. Nefzger.

Powell. Ohio Oct 7th 1891.

"The Old Man of the Mountain."

High on the mountain's craggy brow,
Whose rugged features stand in view,
Chiseled by wind, by rain and snow,
Gainst background of cerulean blue. —
Clouds may arise, and float below,
Conceal the mountain to its base;
But far above, how well we know
The steadfast quiet of that face!
From far above the commonplace
Of human lives that seethe below,
Seeking for wealth, and fame and place,
With eager tramplings to and fro, —
That face of rugged grandeur wears
The placid look of coming years

———"———

Some sudden vision of our God,
May rise, like this, o'er clouds of care,
And show us, plodding on the road,
That faithfulness that answers prayer.

Emily E. Hildreth.
Harvard, Mass.

Profile Lake N. H.
Aug. 6th 1891.

Presagement.

All still and close and dark!
No cry of winds, tonight.
Across the quiet earth
The moonrays glimmer white.
Peace! go to sleep and rest,
Tsar of the tripple crown, —
Ruler of Russian slaves,
Rest on thy pillow's down

Sleep sweetly, dream dear dreams!
God's hidden hour is nigh,
A fearsome bolt shall leap
Out of the voiceless sky.
The whirlwind of His wrath
Shall heed the swift command,
And fury shake thy seas
And terror rend thy land!

M. E. H. Everett

Alfred Centre N.B.
Oct. 1891.

From Descriptive Poem

My Childhood's Home

The Hazel

In the early Spring the Hazel
Decks herself with tassels gray.
Waiting patiently the sunshine
Of the not far distant day
That shall wrap her in a mantle
Which will hide her sun-gray gown,
Leaving her to bud and blossom
Bear her oily nuts so brown.

2

Oh those days of Hazel nuttings
When the children great and small.
Thronged the bush with bags and baskets
Laying up in Early Fall
Treats for evenings in midwinter
When we met — and then you know
How we ate the Philopenas?
Yes — But that was years ago.

3

Yet methinks even at this moment
Through my windows and my door
Comes that same sweet, pungent odor,
Even as in days of yore,
When the frost had touched the Hazel,
And the Sumach. Tell me why
Sumach leaves take on their beauty
Just when they are doomed to die?

Lilla Day Monroe

Mother

A life went out, the taper ceased
Its glowing warmth to give,
The pleasing memory of that life,
We'll cherish while we live.

Its brightness oft hath smoothed the way,
When all was dark and drear,
With cheerfulness her words would be,
"Stand firm and do not fear".

She seemed so strong when we were weak
Fresh courage would inspire
Each one with greater faithfulness,
Her zeal would never tire.

She uttered words of constant praise
To Him whose love she bore,
That voice she used to bless mankind,
Will echo evermore.

Wm Riley

Galva Ia Oct 14/91

Morning Dreams.

I've been wandering in the vale
Of a life time cares and tears,
I've been searching in the chaff
For the wheat of vanished years.
I have sought amid my sorrows
Turning leaves of memory o'er,
I have found the best of treasure
In the hopes and dreams of yore.

They're like flowers of the woodland
Pressed in volumes quaint and old
When the hopes of youth were blooming
In the mornings dewy fold.
They faded while thought slumbered,
And the years have rolled along;
Yet an odor clings about them
That to youths bright hopes belong

They were gathered ere life's morning
Merged into the noontide heat;
They were gathered on life's foothills
Ere the steeps had tired my feet;
They were gathered while yet blooming,
While their thorns were downy things,
Though not sweet as full blown roses,
They were free from painful stings.

Truly Yours,
Fred Husted.
(Space)

Robinson, Kans.

Josephine

In her island home of beauty,
On Napoleon's throne of power;
In the Garden of her anguish
Or her lonely dying hour;

As a simple island maiden
Or a gracious, beauteous queen,
Or a woman sorrow-laden,
Peerless, still, was Josephine

Peerless, for, despite her sorrows,
Such as few, on earth, have borne,
She could say, near endless morrows,
"Never caused heart to mourn."

Could Napoleon, broken, famished
From his gilded pageant's scene,
Murmur, as earth's pageants vanished,
"Better name than Josephine?"

Had he ever that name cherished
Would he, thus, have lonely died,
All his hopes and fortunes perished
'Neath a retrocession tide?

When such questions all are answered
As in Heaven so on earth,
Then fulfilled will be the anthem
Chanted at our Savior's birth.

Mary E. Ward.

North Danville, Vt. Oct. 8, 1891.

Gentle Spring

O, gentle spring where hast thou gone
With all thy birds and flowers
The rose the sweetly scented thorn
Thy bright bloomladen bowers

O, vernal spring do come again
With all thy beauties rare
And bring the fragrant lily bells
To gem the meadows fair

I long to see the gentle spring
The fragrant flowering plum
I long to see the daisies fair
And blueeyed violets come

When the southern vales are flooded
With streams of golden light
And sun kissed blossoms flourish
Neath an azure sky so bright

Suzanno Lee Porter

Anticipation.

Life's soul of bliss nier satisfiedly,
Nor credit us for what we're doing;
Our highest hope, our greatest wealth
Lies in the pleasure of pursuing.

So measure we our ends alway,
In sunshine and in sorrow;
It is not what we are to-day,
But what we hope to be to-morrow.

George Waldo Browne.

If I But Only Knew.

I took her hand in mine, and smiled on her.
The words I said were spoken sad and slow;
But what I murmured then, you may not know —
Her bosom's stilly depths would never stir:
For, like a cameo cut upon a vase
The passionless repose of her sweet face
Was harder by fond passion to be borne
Than withering accents of intensest scorn.

I know not; — ah, if I but only knew!
Perhaps there lingered in her mouth's sweet bloom
The faintest shadow of reluctant doom;
Perhaps those large, dark eyes were wet with dew —
Only a hint of love's sweet tenderness,
A secret sigh, my shrinking soul to bless.

Genoa Junction, Wis.
Sept. 28, 1891.

Luther G. Riggs.

Mosses.

From ledges of the lonely hills
To caverns of the sea,—
What tokens of the love of God
His tender mosses be!
For deep below as high above
His love extendeth He.

How marvelously delicate!
How wonderfully fair!
As lies their beauty over strength
In ocean and in air,
So over all the might of God
His love lies, everywhere.

Ralph H. Shaw.

Sailing In.

How oft we have freighted with youthful trust
The ships that have sailed away,
But the years have bro't the moth and the rust
And locks that are turning gray;
How oft we have watched for the coming sail
On the far horizon's rim
Till the bravest spirit at last would fail
And the watching eyes grow dim.

We have seen our ships by the tempest tossed
And never come back to land
While the freight that we longed for most was lost
Or scattered about the strand;
Yet all is not lost that's beaten about
By the wind, and wave's fierce din,
And never a ship from life's port sailed out
That shall not come sailing in.

Stanley Fitzpatrick.

San Diego, Cal. May, 1891.

The Clover Leaf

They wandered in the meadow,
The summer eve was brief;
Between the light and shadow,
She gave to him a leaf:
No ruddy bloom of clover
To him her faithful lover—
Only a clover leaf!

Oh, sweeter than red clover,
To ease a true love's smart,
The green leaf to a lover,
The leaf which bears a heart!
The green leaf of the clover—
Fit gift when love runs over—
The leaf that bears a heart!

Henry Peterson

Germantown, Philada.

Note. The light markings on the leaf of the red clover often take the shape of a heart. The author wonders whether he is the first to put this fact into verse.

The Old Garden Gate.

Sweet lilacs blossomed near, syringas bent above it,
The snow-ball tree beside it stood in state,
While modest little pinks sent up their spicy odors
Around the dear, familiar garden gate.

Outside it, by the road, stood ranks of nodding daisies,
The clover made the distant meadows gay;
And slender buttercups held up their golden chalices,
As if to catch the splendor of the day.

Hid in the drooping elms, which o'er it cast their shadows,
The robins held their jubilee of song.
And, free as summer winds, from village school returning,
A group of merry, noisy children throng.

I look back with dim eyes across the years' dark mazes,
And hear it on its noisy hinges swing,
A fair-haired, laughing girl comes trippingly down the door steps,
Light-hearted as a bird upon the wing.

I see them once again, the well remembered places,
And list to voices, silent long ago;
That, like some sweet old rhymes still float thro' memory's chambers,
And haunt me with their cadence soft and low.

O fair and sunny spot, the playground of my childhood,
The world, with all its wondrous pomp and state,
Has nothing to bestow, amid its boasted glories,
Like those around the dear old garden gate.

Emily G. Wetherbee

Lawrence, Mass. May, 1891.

My Love

Who has seen my love today,
As she passed along the way,
You would know her I am sure
By her look so true and pure

In distress she will not leave you,
When in sickness will not grieve you.
E'en when sin has touched your soul
By her love she will control

You will know her if you meet her.
And with truth sincerely greet her,
Hold her in a warm embrace.
Give her in your heart a place.

My love, my love is pure as the light;
True as the stars in the heavens at night;
As sure as the sun that warms us by day,
Unfailing, unchanging, forever and aye
My love, my love is true to me
Her name? It is Fidelity.

Frances B. Daniels

California 1891

The Burial.

Passing away, one by one,
Each day the ranks grow small.
Lay him away, his work is done,
He has answered his last roll-call

Comrade farewell, thy loyal heart,
Undaunted in the strife
Lies now beneath the starry flag
Pulseless, bereft of life.

Sounded has been your last reville.
Your last battle fought and won.
No more the bivouac and picket
No more the fife and drum.

Your comrade's in arms are beside you,
Already the "taps" have been given,
To the earth we consign thy frail body
Thy soul to our Father in heaven.

Comrade, Soldier, Friend, farewell.
But not, dear one, forever,
We only wait our muster out,
To join thee, beyond the river.

To answer "here" when the sergeant above,
Shal pause before our door,
And we meet in one grand reunion,
On Canian's happy shore.

Jane E. Rouse.

Montague, Mich. Sept 30-1891.

A Social picture

A Group of maidens, in their teens,
Overflowing with contagious mirth,
Relieve the dark and painful scenes,
So oft encountered on the earth.
Their natures volatile, and gay,
It would be cruel to restrain,
Since Youth's delicious, fleeting May,
When vanished, never comes again.
The buoyant step, the sparkling eye,
The brow, not furrowed yet with care,
Suggest they should have wings to fly
Like flaming orioles, through the air.
The vital currents, swift and strong,
Are never failing springs of glee;
Spontaneous is the burst of song,
Of shout, and jest and repartee.
Sweet smiles so near the surface lie,
Their faces every moment gleam,
As, underneath a glowing sky,
The ripples in a shimmering stream.
Life turns to them its sunny side,
Its fresh and dewy morning hours,
When earth seems like a glorious bride,
Adorned with sapphires and with flowers.

By Rev A. Jones
Logansport Ind.

* The Flight of Time.

I

O, swifter, swifter, father Time;
Thy flight is all too slow;
O, speed us to the flowery clime
Behold its borders glow!

II.

Delay, delay, O, hurrying Time;
Thy sands how fast they run,
So near the dark and unknown sea
And life but just begun.

III.

O, Time thy steady onward speed
We own at last is best;
It brings us life-renewing sleep,
Or dreamless, endless rest.

* unpublished

Oliver Gibby, Jr.

Ramsey, S. D., 1891.

First Impressions

I'm a big bouncing baby.
There's none other like me.
I'm a whale of a baby,
And as spry as a flea.

My Papa's a dandy,
And hangs the moon high
I know that he does it
Just to make baby cry.

But I yell and I screech
Till they take me inside.
And bring in the moon
For their joy and their pride.

'Tis then I get happy
And crow with delight,
And batter the bottom
Of that moon out of sight.

Duluth Oct 7th 1891. J H Cushin

Baby Footsteps

Patter, patter, patter, — not the rain on the roof
As it falls like a sweet lullaby on the ear,
But sweeter by far, (and it hardly needs proof),
Is the pattering music of footsteps dear.
Trot, trot, trot, all the livelong day.
With tireless little feet that never seem to rest,
Always under foot, (but never in the way),
Like a wee helpless bird ere it leaves the home nest

× × × ×

Many are the steps which the happy little tot
Repeats o'er and o'er with never-ceasing zeal;
Many are the tumbles, very soon forgot,
For the mother's healing kiss restores the baby's weal.
Upstairs and downstairs a hundred times a day,
Ever on the watch for some forbidden door,
Singing baby songs in a baby's matchless way,
While the patter of her precious feet is heard upon the floor

× × × ×

Happy little midget she, so full of Eden joys!
Sinless as a lambkin playing on the green!
Pure as are the angels whom the Blessed One employs
To watch and guard His children day and e'en!
Happy is the household where a baby runs alone!
Though she often bids defiance to rules in force before,
Her cheerful winning ways for chaos doth atone,
And life is made the brighter by her patter on the floor.

Eugene Secor

Forest City, Iowa,

Written on the fly leaf of a young
ladies scrap book.

Columbia La., July 4th 1884

To Miss—

Shafts of stone may crumble down
Like mounds of sand and clay,
And all the loves that held us bound
May turn to hatred in a day,

But memory hath enduring power
In life and death as well,
It permeates the celestial bower
And haunts the damned in hell.

D. P. Thornhill

To —

It matters not, when I am dead,
If flowers bloom above my bed,
Or any stone lie at my head.

For oh, if they served not to guide
Your footsteps sometimes to my side,
My soul would be unsatisfied.

But if you, with your old time grace,
Should lean your dear beloved face
Above my lonely resting-place;

And whisper, "Sweet, tho' thou art dead
My love is to thy memory wed,"
My spirit would be comforted.

Lillian Plunkett.

San Francisco, March, 1891.

Eulogy—Washington.

Eminent and illustrious, Washington!
Thou art our cherished, honored, dead!
Not ours alone, civilization everywhere,
Would fain call thee, their own.
In affection's jeweled memory, thy natal day,
We revere and hold most dear.
Thy name we worship—is tuned to every song;
Imaged in our mind and fills our soul with ecstasy
Esteemed, most excellent character,
Grandly good and great, and brave as good.
Thy name more famous than
"Giants of old and men of renown".
Didst thou not stand as a wall of fire,
Thy mighty arm in defense did bare.
In behalf of Freemen's rights!
Would the hated Tyrant abridge these rights,
And unjustly set at naught?
Aye, Yes, but for thee, noble Washington!
Civil liberty throughout our land!
Priceless boon, precious treasure!
To maintain we do pledge and swear.
Nor Potentate, nor Prince, nor King—
As fair one Venus, one pale Moon,
Chief of light, one effulgent Sun,
Thou wert exalted above all these,
Synonym of Liberty,
Thy name is Washington!

Ripley, Ohio. Nov 17th 1891.

H. H. Shaw.

Trying

Tho' the critic's arrow cleaveth
Straightway thro' my heart,
Tho' my song the Muse so grieveth
She in haste depart,
Still I'll woo her,
Still pursue her,
Still I'll try a song to sing,
Tho' it lack the poet's ring.

Come and loose my fettered pinions,
Bear me from the real;
Help me sweep the fair dominions
Of the sweet ideal.
Just in seeming,
Just in dreaming,
I have walked the shining ways,
I have worn the poet's bays.

Tremulously thy white wings flutter,
O! sweet Muse, if I,
Like the fabled Swan, might utter
One grand note and die:
I should know it
If "A Poet"
Should be writ above my head,
I would smile tho' I were dead.

Hannah VanSoon.

Philadelphia Nov. 26, 1891.

"Tender and True, Adieu!"

He stole from its rest in my golden hair,
A lock of ribbon blue;
He placed on my hand a gentle kiss,
And whispered soft as he held it there,
"Tender and True,
Adieu! Adieu!"

The almond was bending with blossom white,
The roses blushed thro' the dew;
The violet smiled in the glowing light,
And Life was happy, and Hope was bright!—
"Tender and True,
Adieu! Adieu!"

They brought my soldier home to me,
And my lock of ribbon blue;
But the cruel wound on his brow was hid
By the flag draped over the coffin-lid!—
"Tender and True,
Adieu, Adieu!"

The almond flowers in the breezes shake,
The roses still blush thro' the dew;
But the springtime of Hope can never awake,
And the lone, lone heart will wail till it break,
"Tender and True,
Adieu! Adieu!"

Jennie Gould Lincoln

Washington, D. C.

Affinity.

We two were lovers in some alien sphere,
Some morning planet, ere the earth had spun
Its first gold ribbon round the ardent sun; =
And we were plighted, but were parted ere
The first defiant star had set his spear
Against old Chaos, = ere the winds had run
Their wild first races, or the tides had won
The moon's love, sobbing in her lonesome ear.
We trod the troubled aeons far apart
Nor any message came from her to me
To light my way across the lampless vast. =
To-night we met again. O doubting heart,
Be still! God shapes his purposes, and we,
Twin pilgrims of the void, touch lips at last

James Newton Matthews.

Robin.

Dear Robin, sing for me,
You know I can not sing;
My soul is full of melody
But you must give it wing.

Your liquid notes express
The joy that in me lies,
The burden of my thankfulness
For sun and summer skies.

For sun and summer skies,
For violet and rose,
For loveliness that round me lies,
And, Robin dear, for thee!

George W. Crofts.

Where is God?

"Oh where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal channels through
Were heard from fold of the ocean's tide.
And we long to look on the waters blue:
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea
Oh who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright
And sang & balanced on strong wings,
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look on a world of beautiful things;
But, flying, singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air!"

C. J. Savage

Longfellow
1882

Buttressed upon the cradle and the grave.
The three-fourths of a century apart
The span of thy existence, and thy art,
Is one fair arch of beauty. Grasses wave,
And rills spring out and murmuring glide away
From near its feet, and little children smile
At one, and at the other stand and weep.
Scaling its sides, plants in profusion creep
Unfolding their sweet buds, and birds beguile
Him who beholds, with song and twittering play
'Mid clinging foliage. Upon its crown
Sits Hope, the key-stone, looking calmly down
On thy sure claim to Immortality
And bids us now look up to God, for thee.

John P. Kaye

Dalmarnock May 14th 1891.

If Music Were Dead.

Imagine what this world would be
If Music, heavenly maid, were dead,
If her witchery from land and sea
And from our hearts and homes had fled.
The murm'ring wind, the lowing herds,
The rippling brook, the roaring main,
The hum of insects, song of birds,
Would never move our hearts again

Picture a soldier, 'mid war's fire,
Without those thrilling strains that tend
The hand to nerve, the soul inspire,
And vigor to the step to lend!
A nation of its folk-songs shorn,
The dance without its cheery mate,
And songless worship were forlorn
And sorrowful to contemplate.

For Music's all pervading. Pow'r
Ennobles and exalts the soul;
It may beguile a dreary hour,
Or sway us tow'rd a lofty goal.
Then leave us not, O heavenly maid,
Awake for us supreme delight!
To worthy action, through thy aid,
We would aspire, with all our might.

Aubertine Woodward Moore
"Auber Forestier."

Madison, Wis.

My Baby.

O baby, my baby, I'd like to describe you,
But words are such poor things, such weak things,
Such stupids.
In kisses, fond kisses I'd like to imbibe you,
Your lips are such fresh things - far sweeter
Than cupids.

O baby, my baby, I falter and weaken,
For words are so tripping, so slipping,
Elusive.
In hugging, mere hugging my calm pulses quicken,
Your eyes are so dripping with mischief
Effusive.

O baby, my baby, I'd love to address you
In words that the angels use, telling
Their rapture;
But trembling with dread to my bosom I press you
Lest, seeing your glory, they try you
To capture.

Elizabeth Baker Bohan

Milwaukee - April 27 - 1891.

Greeting.

Sweet-Heart = a Kiss from the Spring
In Buds the March Winds bring
A Kiss, with the promise of days to be
A Song of the Summer for you and me,
To Sing by brook & blossom & tree
And scent of the sweet Red Clover.

A Song of the hidden Grain -
When the world is all autumn -
Kiss in the heart of the folded leaf
A promise of Harvest & Golden sheaf
On Buds that sleep for a season brief
Till the March Kings reign is over.

Emily Stuart Reed

Her Song -

Small skill had she the measured note to sing,
And yet to me
Her low, sweet voice with words of love aring
Was melody,
Each kindly act was music's echoing
In minor key. -

Her gentle soul with tenderness replete
Like some soft rune,
Breathed out low notes of song so clear and sweet
'Twas loves own tune;
Her life a round of harmony complete
Like days of June. -

As wild birds music soothes the troubled soul
At morning time,
Or restless shores of beyond calm with roll
Of ocean's chime,
So swept across my life's discordant whole
Her notes sublime. -

Her voice is hushed yet from her life's refrain
Falls on my ear
A deathless song, that soothes my hearts dull pain:
And though not here,
I know she chants a glad exultant strain
In happier sphere. -

Harriet Bunker Austin

Woodstock Ills, Jan. 4 1891.

Syria.

From "The Field is the World" — a Missionary Play.
By Mrs Eva Munson Smith.

O land where grievous wrongs bow down the soul
Of woman, where heavy toil impels her
Hitch to Slavery's thrall; where man debased by
Heathen rites and ignorance of Truth, makes
Woman drink e'en to its bitter dregs, the
Cup of woe; to thee is sent Salvation.

O country where our Saviour had his birth
In Bethlehem's Judean manger low,
When proud Jerusalem was obtuse,
O'er whose condition sad, He wept hot tears
Of love, thou land which stoned the prophets dead;
Thou who was first to doubt, who should'st have been
The first to embrace him as your King, we
Gladly send to thee, e'en thee, the story
Of Redemption

Eva Munson Smith
Author of Woman's Sacred Song, etc etc.

In The Land Of Fancy.

Never a cloud to darken the blue,
Never a flower to lose its hue;
Never a friend to prove untrue,
In the beautiful land of fancy

Never a joy to turn to pain;
Never a boon we may not gain
Never a hope to die or wane,
In the beautiful land of fancy

Never a heart turns false or cold.
Never a face grows gray or old;
Never a love we may not hold,
In the beautiful land of fancy

All of life that we crave or miss
(The world denies us half its bliss),
Free, untrammeled, we have in this,
In the beautiful land of fancy

Libbie C. Maer.

Appleton Wis July 6. 1891.

The Man I love.

I love the man who always rules
With dignity and love,
Who can be social kind and true
And look for help above.

I love the man who will reserve
His choicest smiles for home,
Who when his daily tasks are over
Has no desire to roam.

I love the man who, when he speaks,
The guilty one subdues,
And for misdeeds confession makes,
Who always pays his dues.

I love the man who has a heart
For others does to feel,
Who always acts the manly part
And tries our griefs to heal.

Oh, I would have him kind and good,
As God meant man to be,
The noblest piece of this great work,
It just the man for me.

Fox Lake Wis

Mary E. Warren

The Sun in Libra

In the maze of the bloom and the blight,
When the darkness is twin with the light,
When the scales of Astraea hang level
With the weight of the day and the night,
In the calm after-line-winds that revel,
In the cool after-noon-days that smite.

Come the dreams born of incense that curled
From the crescents of flowers that are furled,
Come the spells of Earth's latest beguiling
Under skies that are rubied and pearled,
Till we think, in the shadow and smiling,
It is Egypt all over the world.

Every river is Nile to behold,
Every tree in its bonnet of gold
Is a palm, and the haze-purpled highlands
Are the temples unsearchably old;
Every rock is a sphinx keeping silence
Over the past of a glory untold.

And the air brings us music that flows
From a million of dim long-agoes,
Till the sense of the seen and the present
To a rapture of reverie grows,
And the hues of a life evanescent
Turn to halos of endless repose.

Where the sun in his circle above
Glimmers beamless and bald like a moon,
Where they neither forget nor remember,
Where is nothing too late or too soon,
Where the climate is always September,
And the days are one long afternoon.

Theron Brown

Youth's Companion, Boston.

An Ideal

Tell me fair phantom of the mystic night,
That on the pathway from a wasting spring,
Now cometh slowly thro the tangled ling
To flood the darkness where I lie with light,
Art thou of substance, or of shades at best—
A woman, or a creature of the mist?
Art thou to toy with me and go unkist—
To pass with head unpillowed on my breast.
Oh, let me think that when the day shall break,
And all the glamour of a glinting sky
Before the sun's red rift shall fade and die
That I shall find thee real when I wake
That I shall feel thy hot, quick pulses leap
When, with strong arms, I lift thee out of sleep

Henry T. Stanford

Frankfort, Ky
Sept 30. 1891

From "Kinderliebe"

"Ah! blessed faith that Childhood owns —
So little prized — too early lost;
But when our bread has turned to stones
We learn at what a bitter cost
Was bought the freedom we would fain
At any price of future pain.
'Tis only when upon the shoals,
Or when the deadly reef's in sight,
We see the need, for human souls,
Of some celestial beacon-light,
To guide us through the billows' strife
To haven of a peaceful life."

Mr: F. Darnell.
Avon-N.Y. Sept: 30th 1896.

Our Boy.

We have a boy, a baby boy.
The household pet, a new-born joy,
Of richer worth than purest gold,
A darling child just six months old

Our little "Ed." with eyes of blue,
All sparkling like the morning dew,
With sunny smiles salutes us all,
And answers "eh" when his name we call

Oft times when playing with his toys,
With baby glee, to make a noise,
He throws them down, and thinks it fun
To watch us pick them up one by one.

God bless the precious baby boy,
That fills our home with love and joy,
And lightens our load of daily care,
With smiling face so bright and fair.

Joseph Latimer Weir.

Ozbinda Tenn. Oct. 1st 1891.

Retrospective

How sweet to sing in modest graceful lays
The joys that speak of boyhood's happy days,
When fresh and fair the dawn of youth are seen
In sparkling beauty on life's dawning scene;
When nature, smiling in her golden dress,
Invites the world to share her fond caress,
And, casting fragrance to the balmy air,
Rejoices most when love and peace are there.
Twas thus with me when, as a boy, I dwelt
In happy home where pain nor want was felt,
When, only anxious for the morrow's play,
I stretched my limbs to rest at close of day.
But soon the happy dream of youth was fled
With all the childish joys its sun had shed,
And manhood's path, with thorns and briers
— Strewn,
Now marks the spot where roses once had grown.
'Tis thus with all this fleeting world can give, —
The mortal dies ere yet he seems to live;
But, dying well, the just man only dies
To live eternal life beyond the skies.

Lynn, Mass. Wm. A. McDonald M.D.
Oct. 1891.

Faciebat.

As thoughts possess the fashion of the mood
That gave them birth, so every deed we do
Partakes of our inborn disquietude
That spurns the old and reaches toward the new.
The noblest works of human art and pride
Show that their makers were not satisfied.

For, looking down the ladder of our deeds,
The rounds seem slender: all past work appears
Unto the doer faulty: the heart bleeds,
And pale Regret comes weltering in tears,
To think how poor our best has been, how vain,
Beside the excellence we would attain.

Henry Abbey.

Kingston, New York,
Sept. 30, 1891.

Djins of the Fire Light.

While deep around our rude log cabin lay,
Over mountain, farm and field, the drifted snow;
One dreary winter night, long years ago;
The light of blazing faggots died away;
And livid coals put on their hoods of gray:
And there I saw within the fire burning low,
Strange forms of creatures, stalking to and fro:
Horses with horns and wolves that flew away;
Gray cowls for Monks, and glowing crowns for Kings
And army banners, floating on the sky,
And when by times the pitfull flames would die
Darkness would brood, and hide beneath her wings,
Goblins and elves, and other wicked things:
That mocked and gibbered as the winds went by!

H. C. Pearl

Portsmouth O. Sept 30th 1891.

After Two Years

They met within a lighted hall,
Scarce parted by a space,
At sight of her his brow grew dark,
He turned away his face

She only smiled a careless smile,
Such as you sometimes see,
Upon a woman's lips when life
To her means serenely.

The play was over, and her dress
Brushed past him in the crowd,
Each looked full in the other's face,
And then she paused and bowed

He stooped a moment over her hand
All dainty-gloved and white,
And in his greeting murmured words
Indifferent and light

Her eyes were lifted to his face,
When Truth had written plain
What Time the healer cannot heal
The bitter trace of pain

And musing on that look of pain
Till morning browned gray,
She said "It is a noble love
That I have cast away"

Nettie Houston Benghurst

Fire-Flies.

A Sonnet.

On this high cliff, half through these sultry nights,
I sit and watch the bosky vale below,
Where fallen fir-trees phosphorescent grow,
Like fairy forges burning liquid lights.
I mark the fire-flies interrupted flights—
A shower of sparks, which, with a sudden glow
Lean struck from unseen anvils, blow on blow,
By noiseless sledges, swung by summer sprights.

Flash out! mount upward sparks of living light—!
Strike swift and strong my phantom, blacksmith fays
To scatter molten brightness everywhere;
And aid in welding, by each blow you smite,
A chain of song, to bind earth's fitful praise—
More fleeting than the fire-flies' transient flare!

Simeon Tucker Clark.

Lockport N.Y.

"Only A Year!"

"Only a year! oh that's not long!"
Lightly the words were said;
But they fell like the closing notes of a song
On the ears of one who had waited long,
And left a haunting dread.

Time enough for friendship to die,
Tho' only one short year;
But the fates of many within it lie,—
There's time enough to laugh and to cry,
Enough to hope and fear.

Time for the orange flowers to grow,
To wreathe the bride's fair head;
Time for the wintry winds and snow,
To cover the hearts that have loved us so,
And grass grow green instead.

"Only a year!" It is not long,
When hope the heart doth cheer;
When the future is bright the heart is strong,
But when memories only to us belong.
The days and months seem long, so long,—
Ah me! tho "only a year."

S. Marcia Edwards Cook.

Portland, Oct 6th 1891.

Thayer Kans Oct 8 1898

Success.

What better could one have than chance to do,
With health and willing hands to plead one's cause;
Superior to all the helpful laws
He stands, who bravely fights his battle through
With nature's weapons brandishing to view;
He falls, who in the conflict never draws
These weapons, or who timidly would pause
Beneath the pallor of a coward's hue.
Success is his who grandly will succeed.
Success awaits the train of valiant deed.
But he who will not, must a sterling die,
Who will not, cannot have a victor's crown;
Who carelessly will on his armor lie
Must perish from his coveted renown.

Jas. A. Dillon

Wanderer's Reverie.

I am thinking - I am thinking
Of the loved ones far away
As the Sun is gently sinking
On this lovely Sabbath day
Thinking of my little household
Wondering now if all is well
And if watch there guardian angels
Round that cottage in the dell.

I am longing - I am longing
For the day and hour to come
When all worldly cares forgetting
I can hie me to that home
To that home where wild birds gatten
'Mid the flowers of richest hue
Where the music and the laughter
Of the children welcome you

I am praying - I am praying
That when all our toils are o'er
When no more our feet are straying
On this cold and barren shore
We may reach that quiet haven
On whose shores our loved ones stand
There to welcome into heaven
An unbroken household band -

Lemuel G. Wilson

Wessington Springs -
South Dakota.

Utterly Bereft!

(St. Luke VII. 11.)

1 A woman sitting with her dead
(Pale beauty's perfect paragon)
Bowed down her head o'er the death-bed
And wept! – a widow – all alone!
Then, turning round, to me she wrote,
In touching language, laved in tears,
This burdened, noble, burning note,
That yearned out all her anguished years:

2 "My grief's too great for pen or tongue;
My only daughter lieth dead!
She was so wise and yet so young –
Form flesh still warm, her soul hath fled!
Ten minutes since she said to me:
"I hear some music on the hills!
But cannot tell whose it can be;
Now it through all my being thrills!

3 It sounded like the saints in light,
Who are calling that I come to them;
And, Ma, I see a sublime sight –
A form divine, with diadem!
It's Christ! He's coming with his crown;
Pray, let me breathe this parting breath;
Nay, let our Lord now lead his own;
Adieu, dear Mother! This is death!"

4 Just then she asked for Jesus' arms,
Supremest lover of her soul!
He took my child t'immortal charms;
A death, indeed, that doth condole!
Now, as I look upon the past,
I see her blooming to be blessed;
Lo! all her life, from first to last,
Aye, even her beauty, 'for the best!

5 She was a choice, post-mortem child;
Born her fond Father's burial day;
When loss and life were mingled wild,
And I, a widowed mother, lay,
As feeble as my infant bird
That nestled on its native breast;
Yet, I've neer wept one wicked word,
Since grief and joy so blent are blest!

Denver, Colo. Oct. 4th 1891. Thomas Wilson Haskell.

A Retrospection.

Long years ago:—
It matters not how long — they were too brief
For our young hearts at least to feel them so —
Too full of song and blossom, bud and leaf,
And summer's radiance to have left behind
The full length of their shadows on our hearts
With sorrow's record, for fate has been kind,
And silvered all our clouds with tenderest darts.

Long years ago
When hand in hand together we first learned
Life's deeper meaning, ere we yet could know
The good for which instinctively we yearned,
We could not see, for love had kindly hid
The thorns among the roses and so taught,
That bitterest sorrows lurking oft amid
Our pleasures have to lasting good been wrought.

Long years ago!
Come sit by me and let us here recount
Their misty cycles, — tracing in its flow
Each stream of pleasure back to its dear fount.
Not all of joy and peace have been those years,
But we forget the sting who gave the sweet,
And learn to read through eyes bedimmed with tears
The lessons that stern sorrows made complete.

D. W. C. Court

St. Paul Oct. 26, 1890

Beneath the Rod.

Beneath the rod the Christian goes
To bear the weight of seeming woes;
The burden hard may press,
But in the end will bless—
God holds the tension and He knows.

God's dealing often causes pain;
When we behold our idols slain
It makes us sorely feel;
But Goodness doth reveal
The loss enhances heaven's gain.

The soul that chastening receives
With tears and moaning often grieves;
But still may understand
The pressure of that hand—
The weight is love, the pain relieves.

When all earth's treasures, foolish, vain,
Under the discipline of pain
Fade from our longing eyes,
Tis then we learn to prize
The worth of virtues greater gain.

Though we must pass beneath the rod,
The saints, before, that way hath trod;
And Love will surely deal
A gentle touch to heal—
The tender mercies of our God.

West Salem O. Oct 14. 1891. Sam. E. Lowry.

Liberty

Pride of America!
Soul of her citizens,
Hope of her progeny,
Foe of oppression!

Up you rise phoenix-like,
Forever aspiring!
Striving contentment,
Never dying.

Leading us Heavenward,
Fair goddess of truth!
Forever our watchword,
Never uncouth.

O boundless aspirant!
How highly we prize
Thy name, pure and holy,
The hope of our lives.

Pride of America!
Soul of her breath,
Choice of her people:
Liberty or death!

J. F. Briley.

Lamar, Mo, Oct 15th, 1891.

The Snow.

Calmly as the moon looks down
While fairish moonlight apes the day,
Lightly as the breezes float
Where pendant willows idly play,
Gently as the shadows fall
When weary hearts the night would crave,
So fell the snow, one Sabbath morn
And robed in white our darling's grave.

Softly as the starlight rests
On grove and heath and moorland wild,
Fondly as the mother wraps
And lulls to sleep her prattling child,
Lovingly as falls God's grace
On chastened hearts he fain would save,
So lay the snow, the holy snow,
That fell upon our darling's grave.

L. P. VENEN,
Olympia Wash.

A Little Potentate.

Jure Divino.

A little potentate I late have seen
Throned high in hope and love, and holding sway
O'er happy subject hearts that ne'er gainsay
His right divine. He hath a look full keen,
This fair small heir with such a royal mien;
Doth he, perchance, another realm survey —
A realm of knowledge — o'er which he, some day,
In peaceful sov'reignty shall reign serene?
Or doth the prescient power within foreshow
He must with sword in hand win kingdoms new,
And conquer all the treacherous coming years
As one who first hath learned himself to know,
Yes sees the hostile forces camped in view,
And every bugle-call of life still hears?

E. S. C. Loomis.

City, Kansas.

Our Twin Boys.

Dimpled, smiling, roly poly
Sparkling brown eyes, lash of pearl;
Cheeks and lips of bright carnation,
Hair forever in a curl,

Little hands that never weary,
Little feet that never rest;
Little voices glad and cheery,
Always some new sport in quest;

Patter patter, clatter clatter,
Laughing shouting dancing gay,
Never for a moment pausing
Until night succeeds the day!

Then, with restless heads soft pillowed
Feet grow quiet eyelids close,
And our darlings warm with kisses
Sink into a sweet repose.

Thou, who loveest little children,
And hast held them to Thy breast,
Give our babes tender blessing,
As they lie in quiet rest

"Elmo"

Emily J. C. Henry

Sterling Ills Nov 28 1891

Infinite.

Could I but grasp the vision, make it mine,—
In one full, masterly embrace possess
The splendor of my dream,—its joy unshrine,
And hold it as some trophy—crown to bless
With perfect calm and peace the conquest won.
Or could I clear the mist and fairly face
The high beatitudes of radiant morn
That reach through infinite degrees of space
What then. ah what? the heart would sigh for more.
The longings of a great unrest would send
Swift-winged messengers far on before
Such glory, undefined, can's only lend
A depth to height—a sadness to desire,—
A voice forever calling, "Come up higher"!

Stephen Henry Thayer.

Sleepy Hollow

The power of Love.

My Autograph? It makes me laugh—
To think, that You should e'en desire it.
But, I will try, to gratify—
The modest wish, since you require it.

My Theme? Let's see! What shall it be?
Love—is the best thing we desire.
If only pure—it will endure.
To perfect Love—may all aspire!

"The Graces three", will always be—
Admired—far more than "Adam's fall".
Faith, ignores sight. Hope, paints things long.
But, "perfect Love—eclipses all!

In Love, may we, united be.
Her power—we lovingly confess.
Without Love—we will ever be—
Deprived, of real, happiness.

Nov 3. 1891 Homer A. Billings.
Pompey Onondaga Co NY
Postal address, Fabius. Onon Co N.Y.

Epistle To A Friend.

In earlier, better, calmer days,
When friends were true and foes unknown;
Ere Love and Truth took different ways,
To journey afterwards alone.
Then every breeze that swept the spray,
Was sweet as love's half-utter'd sigh,
Then Spring breath'd out one roundelay,
And Summer glow'd 'neath Phoebus' eye.

And that was in our early youth,
Which promised never ending May —
Don't you regret the fate forsooth? —
That joy should fly and pain should stay?
Here shines the sun as warm and bright,
Here runs the streams as deep and clear.
And playful children, as I write,
"Let loose from School", are happy here.

And hearts as true, and maids as fair,
And men as brave can here be found
And skies as soft as any there,
And woods as green lie all around.
But, give the Shruffan's hum to me,
That near my native village plays;
Where fancy hears sweet harmony,
Of Spring's perpetual roundelays.

One sidelong look from beauty's eye,
One clasp of Friendship's fervent hand,
One breath of love's half-uttered sigh,
And O, one sight of fatherland
Would well amend for wandering days,
For "years of exile — years of pain"
Since Love and truth took different ways
To never, never, meet again.

Thomas W. O'Boyle
Lowell. Mass.

The Loved and Lost.

A twinkling star in the dome of night,
Illumined my path with its mellow light;
I learned to love and adore that star—
The brightest orb in the azure blue—
The one bright gem in its home so far,
Whose gleam I thought would be ever true.
But time wore on, and it passed away—
My star looks down—ah, on whom to-day?

A trailing vine o'er my doorway grew,
Its tender shoots 'round my heart it threw.
I watched its growth with a tender heart;
Each budding leaf was a joy to me;
Its tendrils clung as though loth to part;
My heart and vine I had hoped to see
Entwined so close that no storms could sever—
Frosts came at last and its gone forever.

A rosebush grew by my lonely door,
Where ne'er a rosebush had grown before.
I watched it budding, and saw it bloom;
Its petals bright were so sweet and fair;
Each day I drank in its rich perfume,
And hoped to have it forever there.
A few fleet days and its bloom was o'er—
A barren shrub by my lonely door.

J. P. Prickett.

Albion, Ind.

Drifting.

Drifting, drifting, drifting,
My mind is a rudderless ship
Tossed on a shoreless sea.
Can anyone tell the trip
On which he was launched at his birth
For such fogs what compass avails?
Why not go where the sirens are singing
And struggle no more with the gales?

Better a crown of straw
And a silly sceptre of lath,
If so the monarch be happy
Within his royal cell,
Than a digger of thoughts whose roots
Reach down into torture and wrath,
Than to strive with unsatisfied thirsts
Like Tantalus in Hell!

Clarence A. Buskirk

Princeton, Ind

Summer-Twilight

Eves twilight oh how sweet! The hum of day
No more is bourne upon the zephyr's wings,
And whip-poor-will, alone, now plaintive sings
Within the distant copse its vesper lay.
On yonder fleecy cloud the sun's last ray
Of beauty lingers yet, and o'er it flings
Bright hues, like those from which the rainbow springs,
That points the sky's ethereal trackless way.
The ev'ning star, in heaven's expanse of blue,
Now brightly sheds its rays, and twinkling gleams
Amid the shades of night like sparkling dew;
And luna flings her lustrous mellow beams
On drowsy Nature, as the last cue few
Lulls all to quiet rest, and pleasant dreams.

Hubbard M. Smith M.D.

The Reward of Well-doing.

In every busy walk of life,
If golden peace prevail or strife,
Whate'er the lot;
'Tis he, who cheerfully doth bear
The conflicts and the shocks his share,
And flinches not;
Who wins the world's sincere applause,
That's ne'er forgot!

We love to grasp his manly hand,
Who danger meets, and leads the van
In every race:
Nor falters when life is at stake,
Nor shrinks to fight for virtue's sake;
To e'er embrace
The cause that stands for right and truth
In every place.

Fame's highest niche in temples old,
The noblest names and greatest hold,
The world e'er knew;
And by whose sacred record all may read
The worth of each unselfish deed,
To virtue true:
And know the blest reward of those
Who right pursue.

Willen S Greene

Westerly R.I. Nov 10th 1891

The Literary Bee

No sectarian lines knows he
The honey-bee:
Across the fence he goes
To find a rose,
Or clover sweet,
Beneath the feet
Of colts, or cows, or ewes;

Then homeward laden flies,
Full to the eyes,
To store away his theft
In some rock's cleft,
And please his queen,
Who says, I ween,
"I like a bee so deft."

O lover of the sweets
Of printed sheets,
The world of books is thine
By right divine;
Extract with care
From every where,
And store thy nectar fine

John Hardin.

Brightwood Ind.

Hast thou been to Calvary?

Hast thou been and witnessed how the fall,
The sin, the darkness covering all?
Hast thou too, heard thy Life denied,
Yea, Christ, thy Lord, who death defied?

Blest Calvary, for blood there shed,
That witnessed broke the sleep of dead.
Doomed world, to yet revere the Spot,
That Calvary be not forgot.

Did mortal eye the scene behold,
That prophets through the dark had told?
Did come the truth, explaining fall,
Had reached the heart of great and small.

Blest Calvary, life's sun goes down,
In hope of that immortal Crown,
That gift of God, when blood drops fell,
That broke the power of death and hell.

And art thou soul, now sanctified,
Made spotless through sweet crimson tide?
Behold what Christ on Calvary gained,
Has freed the soul that death had claimed.

Elijah G. English

Venia, Ohio Nov 1890.

The Snowflake.

Emblem of beauty the snowflake,
As pure as the angels above,
Seen in the air when 'tis floating,
Like angelic message of love.

Mountains are crested by snowflakes,
The avalanche form'd by their drift,
As flake is laid upon snowflake,
That no earthly power can lift.

No feather of snowbird so light,
As one airy snowflake alone,
Yet mountains may heave with their weight,
And tremble from base to the cone.

Little by little the snowflake,
Like coral piles up day and night,
Vast is the work of the snowflake,
Though a lone flake is fragile and light.

Waveland Ind.
Nov. 1891.

Joseph Penn Russell.

Song: The Soldier's Reverie.

There's a vale that I love, — to my heart, oh! how dear;—
There's a spot in my dreams to my memory most dear!—
I may wander at will
But my heart ever turns
To the cot beath the hill
With its willows and ferns.—
To my own true valley and clear flowing river,
Fairer to me than storied Guadalquiver.

In the tent, on the march, or on guard,—in the fight
I can see the red school on the spire and the light;
Even by the camp-fire here
Sure I see, boys, and sigh
As home rises so near
To fond memory's eye:—
'Tis my own true valley and bright, flowing river,
Lovlier far than storied Guadalquiver!

What matter that strange stars bedazzle above,
They cannot allure as the friends that we love,—
(Who now wearily wait
With eyes straining to see
Their love-lost at this gate—
Under his home-roof-tree;—
By his own true valley and soft-flowing river,
Dearer to heart than storied Guadalquiver.

New-York, Nov. 16/91.

John B. Ketchum.

In the Summer Long Ago.

Ah, the days in which we wandered
By the river's quiet flow,
And on life's bright pages pondered
In the summer long ago.

While on his dear breast reclining,
Round our hearts, who 'll ever know
How love's tendrils were entwining
In that summer long ago.

Sweet as buds the south-wind kisses,
When the June's red roses glow,
Were each day's unclouded blisses
In the summer long ago.

Till the dews in starlight glistened,
For his footsteps, well I know,
At the gate, how oft I listened,
In the summer long ago.

But rude war the nation started
Into arms, to quell the foe,
And in grief, with him I parted
In the summer long ago.

Now, the bloody strife is over,
Some fond hearts with rapture glow
In the embrace of hero lovers,
As in summer long ago.

But, ah me, I'm broken-hearted,
And my tears must ever flow
For my brave with whom I parted
In that summer long ago.

New Brighton Pa. 16 Nov. 1871. J. Eberhart.

An Autumn thought.

Hear the rain-drops, how they patter
On the roof and on the pane;
See the dead leaves, how they scatter,
As the tempest sweeps the plain;
Hear the winds, how they are sighing,
See the cattle homeward hieing,
And all life to cover flying
From the rain!

That you never lack a shelter
From misfortune's wind and rain,
Be you certain that some "Shelter"
In your purse you do retain;
If in friendship you have trusted,
You may find, when you are "busted,"
Both its key and hinges rusted
By the rain!

Yes, my friend, both you and I know
That a shelter from the rain,
If we haven't any "rhino"
May be often sought in vain;
For the fellows who soft soap us,
And into their graces roap us,
Will be looking for our "Moses"
In the rain!

Fulton, Nov. 16th, '91

Nicholas Lester

The Whittier Fireplace.

Just as of yore, when Quaker Bard
Here mused, and wrote melodious lays,
Ere Flame that thoughtful brow had starred,
Stands the wide hearth on which we gaze.

In its clear flame, at twilight's close,
What visions did our poet see!
Their import—the whole world now knows
And loves him for each earnest plea.

We see the old crane swing again,
The brick arched oven all a glow;
The eastern wood, through diamond pane,
All as he saw them years ago!

In fancy now we see him sit
With hoary locks, but flashing eyes,
Beside the fire his hand has lit;
The snow-bound earth and wintry skies

We read his thoughts of other days
Here in the light that fills the room;
His upward look so full of praise
That we forget the outer gloom.

Pure as home's altar-flame shall burn
His loving thoughts to bless mankind;
And pilgrim feet for age shall turn
This bright memorial to find!

George Bancroft Griffith.

East Lempster, N.H. Nov. 1891.

Change.

The changing seasons come and go,
From summer's heat to winter's snow;
When laughing, dancing June is here,
We think her best of all the year.

But when we tire of dance and song,
And summer days grow dull and long,
We glad exchange her drowsy heat,
For coming autumn's cool retreat.

We ever long for something new;
Ambition climbs for broader view;
So, fain the boy a man would be,
Then king or lord of high degree.

The summit gained, we look beyond;
The sun goes down while we despond;
And darkness closes now the scene,
The evening and the dawn between.

Stephen Marion Walson

Portland, Me. Sept 1, 1890.

Sunshine After Rain.

Our skies are sometimes cloudy,
They can't be always bright,
And oft what seems a pleasant day
Will change to storm ere night
But, tho' the sun be hidden,
We know 'twill shine again
God sends, for every cloudy day
Sweet sunshine after rain

So, often, in life's morning
We start with prospects fair,
Gay pleasure smiles upon our path
And sunshine fills the air,
But, ere the day is finished,
Our life grows dark with pain;
God help us to look up and hope
For sunshine after rain.

And ever, in affliction,
When angry billows swell,
Put faith and trust in Him above
Who doeth all things well.
For every day of mourning,
For every night of pain,
God sends, to hearts that trust in Him,
Sweet sunshine after rain.

Mortimer C. Brown
Beresford —
S. D.

Life.

To be from nothing called, and, like a God
Endowed; to be of earth, yet linked and bound
To heaven, as flowers that wear, divinely crowned,
The hue of sky, though planted in the sod.
To be made in God's image;— heir of broad
And princely heritage;—made to abound
In gifts and honors that high state surround,
Above the Angels that Heaven's King withstood.
To go from age to age, forever on;
To go from strength to strength, from height to height,
From glory unto glory,— till the one
Alone unreached, is the One Infinite:—
Grander from contest, mightier from strife,
Ever like God, and with Him,— this is Life.

Frances Harrison Marr,

Warrenton, Va., Nov. 16th 1891.

The grasses growing thick along thy path
Obscure the dainty impress of her feet,
Brave, patient soul! on generous deed intent
Some gracious service, loving heart to greet.

"Loving" — did I say? Ah, woe is me,
Alas! alas! the golden chance hath fled.
Dear love, the words you hungered for so long,
My heart would lavish on thee now:
<u>but thou art dead!</u>

Victor Meredith Bell.

Philadelphia.

Tell Me Not.

Tell me not O do not tell me;
All is blank beyond the grave,
That in endless dreamless slumber
Sleep the good and true and brave;
That our friends from earth departed,
Those we loved and cherished so,
Are as if they never have been,
When they leave us here below.

Tell me not O do not tell me,
That in God tis vaine to trust,
Vaine to hope for life eternal
When our bodies turn to dust,
Can We not, The Great Creator
Give us life forever there,
If not, Why not, Who can tell us,
Who has made us what we are.

A. A. Tanner.

Oakley Idaho Nov, 15 1891

Light

And God said "Let there be light,"
and there was light —

Heavenly, glorious, incandescent light —
The Great Creator by His power and might
Spoke thee into being from thy dreamless sleep —
From darkness brooding over the primeval deep.

Boon of all boons to this dark & dismal sphere —
No life, nor form, nor beauty till thou didst appear —
Chaotic confusion and the blackest night —
Would still brood here, but for thee God's spoken light.

God's controling lights are hung in every sphere,
And give to every orb its own peculiar year.
And in the moral world, where darkness reigns supreme,
He hangs His moral suns from error to redeem.

Fountain of all light, Who hold'st unbounded sway —
With each revolving orb, turns darkness into day —
Turn Thou the hearts of nations, to Thee for moral light —
Drive error from their borders, as morning drives the night.

Kennebunkport Me.
Nov 19 — 1891

W. H. H. Hinds.

Woman's Smile.

Life's pathway is thorned, tho' with roses adorned
The struggle is hard for man,
Yet cheerful he seems, and hardships he deems
A part of God's wisdom and plan.
And thanks for the love of our Ruler above
Who gave one solace below,
Made earth's desert isle, by woman's sweet smile
A place even happy mid woe

Hope ever beams bright, like a beacon light
Cheering us onward tho' life,
Not till gloom on us breaks, and sorrow o'er takes
We falter and flee from earth's strife.
'Tis then woman's smile well ever beguiles
Sorrow away from man's frame,
May the day never dawn, when her smile shall be gone,
And we from it forever must part

When life's shadows are cast and on us fall fast
Like shades of the evening to stay,
And weary of strife, on the sunset of life
Man rests from the cares of the day.
Then, like lilies of fair, sun-kissed in the air
The smile of woman will beaten
In the age of decline, when pressed by Old Time
Woman makes earth to us heaven.

William C. Jone.

Oberson, Illinois.

Life's Philosophy.

Wherefore art thou ever sad
Heaven smileth o'er thee;
Tread the earth erect, be glad
Years are yet before thee

Lo, the sky is full of light
Sparkling and in motion,
Lo, the land is gay and bright
And the silvery ocean.

Can repinings bring again
Wealth or love or beauty?
No, the soul must conquer pain
Or falter in his duty.

Thou wert born for bliss not wo,
Strive no more for trouble,
Light thine eyes the past will go
As a wave-born bubble.

Bear thy lot with noblest soul,
Be of men the strongest,
Steer life's bark from sorrow's shoal
And thou'lt sail the longest

John W. Overall.

New York, Nov 19, 1891.

"Loving" should not be there.

He loved,—but doubted the heart he sought,
And scorned to speak what his breast concealed;
So affection's hope in that doubt was naught,
And silence buried what love revealed.

She loved,—but fearing to trust the flame
Allowed another to share its beam;
And by that was lost the heart-worshipped name
That her first love knew in its fond fire dream.

She wed,—and it seemed love's tender flame
Was as warm and true as its primal glow,
And joy's bright sky was all hope dared claim
While love's full cup seemed to overflow.

But years and years swift by did roll
And the grave closed over another life,
Then a marble slab with a chiseled scroll:
"To Mary my faithful and loving wife."

But when he returned and read that scroll
In silence he breathed a sorrowing prayer,
And a wound bled anew in his inmost soul,
For he knew that "Loving" should not be there.

L. A. Martin

Gilliatt the Iro, Nov 15 – 1871

Mother

I went away against her will,—
Home was so small, the world so wide,
And I so full of foolish pride.
Why should she take my going ill?—
Why weight her heart with useless sighs,
And hurt me with her streaming eyes?

I came at last, I crossed the sea,
To lean my head upon her breast
And tell her that our dear home nest
Was larger than the world to me.—
It may be, in her silken shroud,
She wondered why I wept aloud.

Madge Morris.

By-gone hours —

While the bright-musical waves,
Chase each other up the shining beach,
We watch them, as a child at play,
As they ripple along the seaward reach.

We sit and gather the hours gone by,
And hold as it were within our hand,
Each hidden memory solid away,
While the sparkling waters wash the sand.

And while the brightness of the sun's rays,
Far out upon the wavelets linger,
We hold in our hearts moments fairer,
Then if touched by a magical finger.

And we are once more 'mid merry hours,
Standing close down by the water edge
Watching the golden glowing sunlight,
In and out the sighing sedge.

Memories filled with brilliants brighter,
Thrill our souls as there we wait —
Holy musings, by gone love notes,
Send our footsteps — early, — late.

Pick the harvest as we wait there, —
Treasured as a farmers sheaves, —
And more beautious than the autumn
Crimsoning all the summer leaves.

Yc Kyrin C. T. 1869

Mrs Eldridge Smith

The Undertow

Beside the sea with crash and roar
I watch the waves assault the shore,
Then mightier than the breakers flow
Whirls back the giant undertow;
Its green arms grasp the shingly beach —
Far down its clasping fingers reach.
I hear the grating of the stone
Borne by the billows backward thrown.
The tawny seaweed floating aside,
A trophy to the turning tide,
Is torn and tangled by its flow
As backward sweeps the undertow.

So mid the whirl of passions tide,
When in some port of peace we ride,
And backward to life's purer sea
From slime and weed and strife would flee,
Though the fierce tide no longer flow
The heart still heeds its undertow —
Confesses to its wild unrest,
Feels its foul freight pollute the breast,
The clutching of its clasping hands,
The grating of its treacherous sands,
The dull, hard sense of pain and shame,
Of loss where once we counted gain

Col. G Douglas Brewerton
New York

A Living Faith.

Oh Christ upon the raging sea of time,
The eye of faith looks up to see thy form;
Amid the breakers roar amid the storm
The Christians anchor holds in realms sublime
E'en tho' above the billows crest we climb
We fear not mid the tempests wild alarm
A childlike faith will keep us from all harm
He'll bear us up tho' storm from sin and crime.
How oft the weak and erring sit to weep
When clouded o'er, the sun in spirit skies;
A voice is calling o'er the mighty deep,
"Plume thro' thy faith, to heights of joy arise.
Let the delusive world not lull to sleep,
But wake to fairer of day lights glad surprise.

Mrs Amber E. K. Robinson
1891

A Worshipper.

O'er field and fallow, o'er marsh and mallow,
Through reedy rushes and billowy grain,—
Through waving grasses and wild morasses,
The breezes are piping their glad refrain.

Such light and shadow on hill and meadow
A-flickering fall on the world to day:—
Such songs of rapture, the woodlands capture
From linnet and thrush in their roundelay.

The air is filling with sweets distilling,
From perfumed censers in flowery glade:—
The priests are the breezes, each swings as he pleases,
Behind the fair altar that nature has made.

The birds are the choirs, the trees are the spires
That grace the grand churches of nature to day:—
Each leaf is a preacher—each flower a teacher,
And I am a worshipper—ready to pray.

Mary Ella Noble.

Athens, Georgia Nov. 23rd 91.

5-5-01

Twin Born.

He who possesses virtue cannot be
Greater in the true sense of the word
He as one day started even with that hand
Whose swift feet now speed but at sins behest.
It is the same force in the human breast
Which makes men gods or demons!
If we gird
Those strong emotions by which we
are stirred
With might of well and purpose,
heights unreached
Shall down forms; or if we give them
away
We can sink down and consort
with the lost.
All virtue is worth just the price
it cost.
Black sin is off-white truth that
missed its way
Once wandered off in paths
not understood.
Twin born, & hold great evil
and great good.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Lily Song.

In a mist-enshrouded valley, where the blossom buds, awaking,
Bring a stir of bee and birdling, lo! a lily bursts in bloom;
And the splendor of its whiteness, into beams of glory breaking
Like a gleam of Eden's morning, flashes forth upon the gloom.

And from out the pearly parting of its petals pure ascending
Now its breath, like balm celestial, on the air a healing flings;
To my chilled and chafing spirit calm and comfort sweetly lending
While as in a downy garment I am folded in its wings.

How the wooing warmth awakes me! How the vital glory fires me!
How I mount to strong endeavor on the pow'r that they impart!
How with hope the balmy fragrance of the stainless bloom inspires me —
For the lily is your love my prince, the valley is my heart!

Minnie Ward Patterson.

Her King.

A winsome maiden planned her life —
How, when She was her Hero's Wife,
He should be royal among men,
And worthy of a diadem.
Through all the devious ways of Earth,
She sought her King;
The snows of winter fell before —
She walked o'er flowers of vanished Spring —
Into the Summers fragrant heat,
She bent her quest, with rapid feet,
Then saddened, still she journeyed, down
The Autumn hillsides, bare and brown —
Through shadowy Eves, and golden Morns,
And lo! She found him — Crowned with thorns

Anna Morrison Reed

Laytonville, Cal.,
Nov. 28th 1890

Love.

Fret not of fateful bar
Cause love's delay,
Nor if some baleful star
Cross love always
Love crossed is better far
Than love's decay.

Love hidden in the breast
Is hoarded gold:
By brooding thought caressed,
It never grows old
Love satisfied, at rest,
Oft moves cold.

We pity those who part
To meet no more;
We sorrow for the smart,
The aching sore:—
The joined, yet twain of heart,
Need pity more.

+ + + + + + +

Ye souls, who remain
(But ye are few!)
Through all life's toil and pain,
Warm, tender, true,
Earth holds, on hill or plain,
None blest like you.

Ellen P. Allerton

Imperfectus —

I wonder if ever a song was sung;
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung;
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought,
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought
Or if ever a painter with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.

I wonder if ever a rose was found;
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground;
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never, on earth, do we find the best,
But it waits for us in a land of rest,
And a perfect thing we shall neither behold,
Till we pass the portals of shining gold.

James Clarence Harvey.

Ah Whither.
An Acrostic

Adrift upon the waves of Time,
Like ships with neither mast or oar,
Upon all we loved in youth's bright prime,
Regretfully we float afar.
Eternity is veiled in gloom,
Dread ever points us to the tomb.

We meet with friends, and then we part,
Enduring joys we cannot find,
Youth steals the freshness of the heart,
Age robs us of our very mind."
No earthly skill retains the breath,
Time whets his scythe and reels to death.
The spent soul he delivereth.

Jennie F. McKenzie.
Montrose.
Genesee Co. Mich.

A Message

Slower than sleep to haunted brain,
Slower than dawn to night of pain;
Sterner than grief that never weeps,
Sterner than fate that never sleeps;
Sadder than sorrow's bitter sigh,
Sadder than exile's yearning cry
Are the thoughts that the winds repeat in a moan
O love, for your absence I sorrow alone!

Swifter than bird upon the wing,
Swifter than time when joy is king;
Softer than orange breath's caress,
Softer than mother's tenderness;
Sweeter than roses in red June,
Sweeter than oriole's rare tune
Are the thoughts that the winds bring in from the bay—
O love, can it be you are coming to-day?

—Ida May Davis.

Terre Haute. Ind.

Sympathy 5570

Let us live to cheer the weary,
Let us hold the drooping hand,
Let us soothe life's cup when dreary
Let us do what good we can!

Let us speak a word so kindly,
To our neighbor here below,
And go not through life so blindly
To their misery and woe!

Just a word when timely spoken —
Spoken in a fitting place
Heals a heart that else were broken —
Saves a soul from sad disgrace!

There are times amid life's journey
When sympathy is what we crave
Let us give them — give it freely,
Ere we reach the silent grave!

Waste not love upon the coffin;
Flowers bring to cheer us here;
Give them time to bud and blossom
We'll not need them over there!

Wait not till my eyes are closing
Wait not till my voice is still
And on wings of love reposing
Hear not words which once might thrill

Mary Turner Beech

Stanton Mich Dec 1881

That Charmed Life.

I love that life, that simple charmed life,
The poets lived beside the English lakes,
That if one page of Wordsworth speak to me,
The singing spirit of my soul awakes.

My soul calls unto them; tho' flatterers come,
Tho' crowds pass by and mark my rich estate,
New friends call often, heap regrets by mail,
Yet from some grassy knoll old friends await.

Old friends await:— the great immortal dead
Who bring the love of field & tangled wood,
Of health & singing birds & murmuring bees,
And all God's works, that He himself called good.

There is a hope, that somehow, through the dim
My heart will keep its love for fields and lakes,
For wild-wood walks, & those free gladdening thoughts
That Nature's beauty in the soul awakes

Lillian H Shuey.

In Memoriam
Lawrence H. Wise Co F 15th N J Vols
by
His old 1st Sergeant

'Tis over twenty years ago,
'Mid shot and leaden hail,
That Comrade Wise we know
With us did assail
The Rebel army all in line,
Who gave defeat from time to time
To our grand old army.
And then the brave lay all around
With friends and foe astride,
And Comrade Wise had found
The dead by his side –
The Rebel army broke in line,
Broken by us all in time,
By our grand old army.
You sleep now Comrade,
With the army of the dead;
But never fly good nor bad
Can it ever be said
That in your duty on the line
You ever failed at any time
In our grand old army.

Amos Noble Budd

Budd's Lake, N.J.

The Old Quilt

I've brought out this old quilt of mine;
How strange it looks, yet I once thought it fine.
There's every color here to be seen,
From the brightest red to a vivid green.

There's plaids, and stripes, and flowers, too,
Of every kind, and of every hue;
And as I gaze at this mixed array
Each piece brings to mind some special day.

Here's this piece from grandmother's gown,
It's been handed from generations down,
And yet it seems to be smiling from this place
Just as did her dear old face.

Then here's this plaided blue and brown
Made for me my first winter in town
And there isn't a piece of anything here
That does not bring back memories dear.

And as these patches, so our days,
Each fits to the other in various ways;
And if one is wrong, we can see
The thing as a whole will not agree.

Then let us have each day right,
As time goes on in its rapid flight,
And the summing up of it all will be
A life of perfect harmony.

Helen Briggs Kelly

Little Rock
Ark

A Cradle Song.

(for Clementina, aged two, at home in Los Angeles.)

Far out in the glowing west
The laughing waves of the sea,
As the sun sinks to his rest,
For a kiss leap merrily;
And the mocking-bird's low strain
From the tree-tops comes again —
So sleep, baby, sleep!

The flowers in the garden beds,
Like the children, are at prayer
And their vesper odor spreads
As a benediction there
While the night-wind's tender sigh
Is my darling's lullaby —
So sleep, my baby, sleep!

Now the gentle harvest-moon
Climbs in the brightening east,
And the stars come, one by one,
Afloat in the silvery mist —
Angel wards, a watch to keep
O'er all little ones asleep —
So sleep, my baby, sleep!

Geo. Butler Griffin

SS. "Australia"
Pacific Ocean,
7th. September, 1888.

Bonny Louise

The beautiful autumn has come again
With its regal splendors bonny Louise;
And the leaves are dropping a golden rain
On the scented air from the forest trees.

On the distant hills we strolled hand in hand
Like a dream of beauty bonny Louise
My heart grows sad as I stand in gaze
Thinking of Autumn days just like these

When we wandered together care free and gay
Under the Maple trees bonny Louise.
Oh! life looked so fair to me that day
For bright is the garland young hope weaves.

But the rose-bud visions came not again
With the day they faded bonny Louise.
Their memory comes with a saddened pain
As I walk alone neath the Maple trees

M. H. Greene

5147

The Battle-Cry

We're in the army now to fight
For home and native land,
And bravely for the truth and right,
We will unyielding stand.
King Alcohol, behind the law,
Has slain our good and brave;
But we are here the sword to draw,
And life and home to save.
The right will conquer bye and bye—
The victory must be near—
When valiant soldiers dare to die
For God and home so dear.
Beyond the cloud and battles storm,
We'll lay our armor down;
Till then, we'll brave whatever comes
Between us and the crown
Oh! glorious crown, so fair and bright!
For those who self deny
And for the truth will dare to fight—
For love will dare to die.

Jeremiah W. Holt.

At Evening Time

How sweet it would be could we linger
O'er the volume of life that is past
With a feeling of satisfied comfort
And without one regret at the last.

But alas! when the leaves are turned over
We find on each page as we look
Some glaring mistake or a blunder
We fain would blot out of life's book.

Even the good we sought to accomplish
With motives the purest and best,
Is so blurred and disfigured with errors
We scarce can trace that from the rest

Have we tried to be humble and Christ-like
Unselfish in things great and small,
With a heart free from envy or malice?
God knows it; He judgeth us all.

And when the day is shading to twilight,
Our evening sun sinking from sight,
If the smiles our name with the faithful
At evening time it shall be light.

Mrs. C. M. H. Wright.

Transition.

The leaves are falling softly, silently.
Upon the earth they gently nestle low;
Their mission sweet was tenderly fulfilled.
And now their work is over — winds that blow
So lightly, lightly, bear them to and fro.
Then on its breath they toss in silent glee
And yet to us, who watch them as they fall,
They speak an earnest lesson quietly

Saying "Behold us now! in Spring's bright days
You know we flourished delicate and fair.
And with the Summer breezes swaying us,
Developed perfectly in June's warm air.
Then when the Summer's sun was well nigh spent
When we felt Autumn's touch and chilling breath
We knew full well the message was to us —
'The last of earth,' and here we lie in Death."

"E'en as earth-pilgrims we in all the time
Still change as they from buds in life's fair spring
To summer's perfect joys, and autumn's blight,
And Death, that ages all things ever brings,
But yet again, like them we live again.
When bid by Him above who fashions all;
We live to die, and also die to live.
Subject like mortals, to He is word and call

Laura E. Newell

Leandale Kansas. Nov 20. 1891.

What a musical sound had the singing rhyme,
As it fell on the ear in youth's early prime;
As oft as we heard it - what visions would start
How the blood went bounding to the head from the heart.
Like some magical wand of a bye-gone age,
Were the Poets lines - on the printed page;
And they conjured up - like a fanciful dream -
Such wonderful sights - as we never yet seen.
Oft the metrical words of his subtle pen,
Woke a rippling laugh and again - now and then,
We can hardly tell how - and we never knew why -
Other words often send - gushing tears to the eye.
When we felt - Poets dwell, in some fairy land,
That the pen in his hand, was a mystic wand,
That the weird, witching spell that flowed from his lines,
Was the music of fairy bells wrought into chimes.
We read them - and loved them - we learned them by heart.
Of the web of existence - they have since formed a part.
We shall treasure them ever - those rich gems of thought,
By his wonderful skill - into heart and brain wrought.

Nathan Woodward,

Batavia N.Y. 1891.

The prayer of Agur.
Proverbs, Chapter 20.

Remove, O Lord, remove from me
All vanity and lies,
That I may not be brought to shame
By Thy reproving eyes.

And give me food convenient,
Such as my health requires,
And save me from the debased taste
Which luxury inspires.

Give me of wealth a competence,
As will my wants supply,
But all excess of wealth, O Lord,
Do Thou to me deny,
Lest I be full and wicked say,
Who is the Lord I should obey?

And save me too from poverty,
Lest by starvation's pain
I should my duties disregard,
And ~~rob~~ dishonest gain,
And suffering from affliction's rod,
Should say in heart, "There is no God."

Keokuk, Iowa,
Nov 20th, 1891.

D. F. Miller, Sr.

Creation of Woman.

When Heaven formed the grand design
To place mankind upon the earth,
It tried its practice hand on man,
And made him first of mortal birth,
But in the making of the man,
It had not highest art displayed,
And then renewed its artist skill,
And on new trial Woman made,
And called her paragon of earth,
Not first, but best, of mortal birth.

Keokuk, Iowa.
Nov 20th, 1891.

D. F. Miller, Sr.

Love

Oh love! thou prized and precious thing
To me too absent, thy praises I sing:
A tuneful chord to an aching heart:
Cooling waters to the thirsty lips:
A balmy shade in a desert part:
'Tis Gods own cup meant man to bless;
Poured out for all that all may sip,
Binding man to man in gentleness

I Lowe

Emerson

Is nought amiss in this wide breathing world:
That thou, calm soul, wand'rest no more abroad
In dim wood-paths thy mild foot softly trod;
Looking, when sunset's quivering valves were furled
On Assabet's gleamy bosom? Now, unpearled,
Must thought sink back into some tamer way?
Shall wave and breeze have something less to say
Where the rich vine its tendrils green have curled,
And 'mid the fresh-blown tresses of old pines?
Who shall the mystic legends longer give
Of cowslip and of violet, or who
Unfold the shy rhodora? Who Earth's shrines
Shall build for poet-worship? Who shall live
As thou didst, simple, abstinent, and true?

— Arthur John Lockhart.

To The Poet.

Wouldst thou have Fame
To crown thy song?
Then, from a heart
Sincere and strong
That hates the false,
And loves the true,
Sing! — for so God
Would have thee do.

Charles W. Hubner.

Two Hearts.

About the shrine of Cupid lay
Two Hearts, poor little things.
They both were nestling by the way,
Beneath his drooping wings.
And as they lay in close commune,
'Tis strange a golden dove,
Came riding o'er so opportune,
They melted into one.

N. J. Rockfeller.

Knoll Cottage,
Crawfordsville Ind.

One Way

When all the day seems fair as night
For clouds that hide the sky,
When heart-gloom dims the heaven's light
Or Doubt and fear nigh,

I choose a song some time sent to
Of lilies in night's dew,
Of sunshine past the clouds and cold
Or Love divine and true.

And all the little song before
The door way of my heart.
When lo! like elves that homeward pass,
All moody thoughts depart.

Mrs. Anna E. Pickens.

Echo.

I stood beside a mountain [illegible]
And sought an echo to awake
I breathed a song of love and [illegible]
When, like a spirit from above
The echo caught my words and [illegible],
Mingling my music with its own —
Sending, more sweetly, thrilling,
My own words back again to me.
So would I seek my words to make
True, like the echo from the rocks;
So would I seek that in fact
Which makes the heart more pure and blest.

Louise M. D. Rich

Victor

To John Greenleaf Whittier

Call that man great, who, at the close of life,
Can sit with folded hands, and meditate
On life well spent; each duty faithful done,
Each God-given talent, usury bringing home.
Desire well harnessed with the mighty will,
And working with meek face in honor's shafts
Who stands upon the Olympian heights
With brow serene. A consecration of self

Sue E. Dale Beckwith

Heaven

I know not where that city lies
Its jasper walls on air;
I know not where the glory dwells
So marvelously fair.

I cannot see the waving hands
Upon that further shore,
I cannot hear the rapturous songs
Of loved ones gone before.

But dimmed and blurred earth's eyes
Washed clean by contrite tears,
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
From the eternal years.

Emma M. Latimer

Order

Pangs of pain foreshadow pleasure,
Poverty creates the treasure:
Greatest things through small ones speak,
Strength were not, but for the weak.

Want and need, the mighty twain,
Nerve the fingers, fire the brain:
Needed love and strong protection
Weave the ties of fond affection.

John Haddaway.

Sing Sing, N.Y.,
Nov 15th 1891.

Friendship.

Friendship is a subtle tie
That binds true hearts together;
It covers up each little fault
And makes us dear to one another.
Oh! guard it well, lest it depart,
And leave a void within the heart.

L. D. Plate.

To a Chrysanthemum.

The Scotchman loves the thistle
For its historic lore.
The Irishman the "shamrock,"
That grows on Erin's shore.
The fragrant rose is cherished,
By every English son,
And America's fairest emblem,
Is the sweet chrysanthemum.

J. N. Longhead

Mother

How would I feel once more,
Thy gentle hand upon my brow;
And when life's trials press me sore,
I think of that sweet rest where thou art now.
My Mother.

How sweet to rest my tired feet,
Once more beside thy chair;
Once more upon thy breast to sleep;
And in such rest to lose my every care;
My Mother.

Mrs Emma Jear Ransom Mich.

The Bluebird

'Tis early spring; the distant hills
Are flecked with drifts of dingy snow;
And bird-notes from the lofty trees
Come down in warblings soft and low.

The bluebird seeks his home again,
He sings sweet love-songs to his mate;
They choose the dear old apple-tree
Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

One door, one window in their cot;
All else is safe from wind and rain;
The ruffled nest of former years
Is soon made new and warm again.

And now I watch with keen delight
This shady home so near our door,
Till busy parents come to bring
Their dainties to the fledglings four.

How sweet to climb the bended trunk,
To gaze upon the tiny brood,
And see four little gaping mouths
Upraised imploringly for food!

Dear warblers of my early years!
A child again, once more I wait,
And watch you in the apple-tree
Whose branches shade our garden-gate.

Charles F. Gerry.

Sudbury, Mass Nov 9th, 1891.

The Touch of the Divine.

Each grain of sand by sounding sea,
Each trembling leaf on quivering tree,
Each blade of grass on dewy lea,
Speaks volumes of God's love to me!

The pearls that deep in ocean lie,
The twinkling stars that gem the sky,
The sunbeam caught from noontide's eye,
Direct my thoughts, O God, to Thee!

The flowers that deck the fragrant dell,
And o'er me cast their beauty-spell
I love them — for they seem to tell
The story of God's love to me!

No matter where I wander free,
By river, lake, or boundless sea,
The touch of God's dear hand I see,
And know by these He loveth me.

Oh, God! Thou doest all things well,
Earth, sea, and sky Thy wisdom tell,
In Heaven what must it be to dwell
For ever, O my God, with Thee!

Toronto, Canada. John Imrie

Verses.

Life is a varied dream the while,
When all things seem so beautiful and fair,
But over all hangs subtle doubt and care,
With Pleasure's fond, delusive smile;
And ghostly mem'ries from a faded past,
Like Dead Sea ashes scattered here and there,
Sifted like echoes of some sad, sweet pray'r,
Part sweetness, mixed with sadness... overcast.

* * * * * *

Sometime, perhaps, when all the weary night
Falls like a songster with a broken wing, –
And all the waiting earth, slow wandering
Beneath the pale-eyed moon, whose glaucs white
Sift out across the chequer'd space of sea, –
Whose verdured sweeps lies far 'tween you and me;

Will you but cast one friendly thought along –
That hushed and shadowed stillness, interwove
With Christ's dear presence, from the throne above, –
To one, whose spirit underneath the throng
Of dead, sweet memories, will ever bear
Remembrance of those days full passing fair?

Edwin N. Barnes,
Marathon, N.Y. June 1885.

True Devotion.

'Tis in the heart alone,
That true devotion hath her chosen shrine;
All other altars' off'rings are unknown
To Him who is Divine.

How blest the cheering thought!
When life grows dark, and hollow friends betray,
When gilded fanes cast out, from every spot
The loneliest heart can pray.

In aisles of forest dim,
Where leafy arches whisper in the air,
Instinctively we bow in awe to Him,
Who hath His temple there.

We feel His presence near,
On parkless plain, on rugged mountain side;
And at the cooling fount His steps appear,
In burning desert wide.

Lift up thy humble cry
Though poor and friendless in this world abroad,
Though scorned thou mayest be by human eye,
Thou hast a friend in God.

If God in mercy hears
The ravens cry, and bids the seasons roll,
Much more will He regard the contrite tears
Of an immortal soul.

Horace B. Durant.

Philadelphia, Mar 4, 1891.

In Memoriam.

Adieu, dear one, for thou hast gone
To a land that knows of no return.
Alas! but could we see thy face
Smiling with rays of heavenly grace -
And know in Heaven we all should meet,
It would make us feel that death were sweet.

But oh the parting hour of pain
Returns to our hearts again and again.
But sadder would the parting be
If thought by us for eternity.
If it were death to die - we then
Would wish thee life and earth again.

But though the chill November dust
Should hide away thy frame to rust -
We know thou'll sweetly slumber on
In the narrow grave that is thy home,
Till the voice of Jesus softly calls thee
And bids thee wake - to stand - to Be.

Sweet is thy memory! But not to mar
Thy happiness above by far,
Are the deeds thou'st done - thy life will tell
That thou hast gone to a band to dwell,
Where peace and love are ever thine -
Bound in by Jehovah's blooming thyme.

James C. Thomas,
Union, Pike Co., Ind.

Dedicated to My Grandmother, Nov. 2, 1891.

Returned with Thanks.

"Returned with thanks"— summed up in this
Is all of life's humiliation;
The poet's blighted dream of bliss,
The ruin of his avocation;
'Tis sad to have them come amiss:
Those children of our mind's creation
Whom fickle fortune fails to kiss
And gladden with her approbation

"Returned with thanks"— and yet my heart
Is throbbing with strange exultation;
Let those who ply the poet's art
Term this, my hope, infatuation;
I would not have it otherwise
Nor change with any in the nation,
For 'twas a witch with sweet blue eyes
"Returned with thanks"— my osculation.

Frank Lintaber
(Edward F. Taber.)

'Tis Thine, O Lord!

Below the western gate it holds its sway,
The ever burning sun, with shafts that fly
Athwart the steps of night: the muffled sigh
Of melancholy woods calls out the day,
And on its path the startling night birds stray;
And like a fading ruby in the sky,
Antares trembles in his seat on high,—
A scorpion's heart along the stellar way.

'Tis Thine, O Lord! this old world still in youth,
The bird that sings the praise of nature's soul,
The rose that breaths Thy holy love and word,
The star that trembles at Thy mighty truth,
The glittering night, that cast her sombre stole
On Thy created love, 'Tis Thine, O Lord!

Montrose Colo.,
Nov. 24th 1891

J. Wilmot Perry

The Poet's fate

The moon beams forth in grandeur,
As I in my chamber sit;—
And night is bathed in brightness
While my humble room is lit.

The world's abed and sleeping
And the midnight guard moves on;—
While I my vigil keeping
With the old rejected song!

For poets live and vanquish
Like the shadows of a night;—
They sing, and starve, and languish
While the world is ever bright.

An attic and a rag-heap
Tells where they sung and died;—
And Muses paid their visits
Where cities frown with pride

And this is true distinction.
And still the ready fate;—
For Muses court starvation
While fools grow fat with state

— Herr Cherrytree.

North Stratton. Mass.

When I am Dead.

When I am dead,
And in the solemn, silent tomb
Ye make my bed;
What though the waving flowrets bloom,
And waft their cups of sweet perfume
About my head;

When I am dead,
What though, at twilight's gloaming hour
Comes thy soft tread
With modest bud, and fresh cut flower,
The lonely chamel's gloom to dower
For him ye wed;

When I am dead,
What though ye bend above that sleep
With timid dread;
Love's solemn requiem thus to keep
Or plod far up life's rugged steep
By Sorrow led;

When I am dead,
I simply hold that change to be,
Though life has fled,
The setting of my spirit free,
On blissful immortality
To dwell o'er head,

Dairfield Me. Nov 1890.

F. C. W. Hordden.

Light —

And God said, "Let there be light" —
and there was light.

Heavenly, glorious, meandescent light —
The Great Creator, by His power and might,
Spake thee into being from thy dreamless sleep. —
From darkness brooding o'er the primeval deep.

Boon of all boons to this dark & dismal sphere —
No life, nor form, nor beauty, till thou didst appear.
Chaotic confusion, and the blackest night,
Would still brood here but for thee, God spoken light.

Fountain of all light, Who holdest unbounded sway —
With each revolving orb, turns darkness into day.
Turn Thou the hearts of nations to Thee for moral light.
Drive error from their borders as morning drives the night.

Giver of all good, give light both full and free.
So those that grope in error, their way may clearly see.
In this moral darkness of ignorance and strife,
We plead for still "more light" to guide us on through life

Kennebunkport, Me. W. H. H. Hinds.

An Autumn Violet

Bare branch, gray twig and yellow leaf
Dear earth's brown patient bosom—
How like a joy born of a grief.
Art thou, brave little blossom

Mad Pan to ease his mighty heart
Makes ceaseless lamentation.
Like star to storm, fair flower, thou art,
A tender consolation —

A wanderer from the vanished spring
To this dim woodland portal
To teach us, pretty pleading thing,
That love shall be immortal

Martha T. Tyler

San Francisco, Cal
Oct 25th 1891.

The Still Small Voice.

A clock, slow ticking on the parlor walls,
Is heard nor heeded in the joyous room,
When friend meets friend in noisy festal halls.
Where music thrills and budding gas-jets bloom.

But when the last-departing guest has gone,
And silence falls upon the waning night,
Through the deserted chambers till the dawn,
It loudly speaks of Time's unceasing flight.—

Thus Conscience, in Heaven-appointed measure
Speaking in plainest language to the heart,
Is heard unheeded in the halls of Pleasure,
Or gay pursuits of luxury and Art.—

Escaping from the noisy whirl and din.
With our best natures to commune alone,
Our spirit-gaze is ever turned within,
To scan the hours upon Truth's dial shown.

Conscience, Heaven-born monitor of all,
Forewarning, chiding in the hall of life,
Then speaks in solemn ~~warnings~~ small and still,
Calming the heat of silent spirit-strife.

If all, its friendly warning did but heed,
New light would dawn, and in its kindly beam,
Pure, peace on earth, good will to men would read,
Written in deeds of angel's tongues the theme.

Linda W. Slaughter

Bismarck. North-Dakota.
Nov. 26th 1891

Memories

How still the night, the drooping leaves await
The cooling breeze; the moon in regal state
Goes on her way: on thrilling air there floats
To my glad ears from far sweet trembling notes—
Plaintive soprano! In a land remote
There is a lake, and off from pleasure boat
The softly trilling strain is echoed still—
From far and near, from answering hill to hill.
On, on, until loud rings the ambitious trill.
And like that echoing lake, it seems to me,
In this strange realm, the heart and memory,
For trembling through the years, that tender strain
Sends back from deepest depths such wild refrain,
That naught else can I feel but that dear pain
I thought was buried ne'er to hurt again,
And there between me and the deep blue skies
I see those dark, love-lit, reproachful eyes:
And in my heart will rise
The love that never dies.

Aug. 2 1887. Hannah E. Taylor.

Hope.

Hope is a seraph, that God kindly sends
To spirits afflicted and sad;
Omniscient, immortal—Omnipotence blends
With the weakness that Righteousness clad.

His bright crystal cup, pours balm on the woe
Which Disappointment so cruelly deals;
He armors our youth for the vigilant foe
And the treasures of Hopeland reveals.

How lightly he steals from sorrowing care
The venom that blights with a sting;
He heals every wound which soulless Despair
Tips with the dark hue of its wing.

A ray from the gate that's jasper and gold
Lights the silver that brightens his way
Ly he steals the soft lining, of clouds black and cold,
And scatters their somber array.

"Death has no terrors, for over the stream
That flows thro' the Valley of Tears,
His beckoning arms like promises gleam;
A Charon, whose boat is the years.

Hope kisses, the touches, which vanishing Time
Spreads on the white forehead and hair,
He points to the future, eternal, sublime;
To mansions, that angels prepare.

Junius L. Hempstead.

Jennings La.,
Nov 14th 91.

Injustice.

'Twas true, one smarting thorn had been removed;
And, though no benefit was thereby proved,
As loss of one 'mong many did but bring
The added pain of its departing sting,
All said that I should hush my wild complaint—
Be calm, and smile, as best became a saint.
And, failing of their purpose, anger came
Their own unsaintlike spirits to inflame.

Alas, I was but human, and I cried:
"For the world's good, the one might best have died,
E'en 'fore he had his birth, who could but live
To shelter unto needless evils give.
Call him a saint, he is a sinner still—
He and his clan, with Evil's craft and skill,
Do Innocence and Virtue and all Truth
Kill, mangle, spit upon and make uncouth."

Nov. 25th, 1891. Dagmar Mariager

Santa Barbara, Co.

Naples.

Up from the sapphire-tinted sea,-
Fair as the Blessed Islands be,-
Capri and Ischia part the waves
With rugged cliffs and billowy caves,
To lift each vine-encircled crest,
Luxuriant, on the Orient's breast.

No marvel that, with charmed eyes,
By perfumed sea, neath perfect skies,
The stranger from a wintry zone
Names Naples peerless and alone,-
And lingers, with enraptured gaze,
Where bright, bewitching summer plays.

J. Sullivan Eaton.
Wakefield, Mass.

Dallas, Texas, ...

Friendship.

What is friendship? I will tell you;
Eyes that weep for other's wrongs;
Shoulders bearing others burdens;
Lips repeating other's songs.

Friendship is a chain, embracing
Rich and poor, and young and old;
E'en the beggar child may fondly
Touch in awe its links of gold.

Friendship is the hearts devotion,
By warm, loving acts confess'd,
Thinking trials only pleasures,
If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion,
When brave courage is unnerv'd,
Asking nought, but trusting fully,
Quick too soothe and understand.

Dallas, Texas, Nov. 12, 1891. Paul W. Goldberg.

To a friend after a long absence

I saw thee not as in the distant past
With maiden beauty of unwonted kind;—
Such charms could not forever last—
For years roll on and change in all we find
I saw thee when the brown to white had turned
And traces of life's discipline were shown,
When, though the altar flame of love still burned,
Yet by affection, more subdued, twas known.
Still, beauty rested on thy brow serene
As sunlight peering through a softening cloud,
Suggestive more than when in girlhood seen,
Like music faintly heard not near and loud.
Dear friends of youth how magical their power!
They waken visions which can never die,—
We do not view them as a transient flower,
But like the leaves which in some volume lie.—
May time add blessings to thy wedded store
Their sources deepening in a love-lit home,
Till thou in peace shalt reach the open door
Where undimmed friendship crowns the life to come.

Edward. Octavus. Nagg.

New York City.
Nov 26th. 1891.

The Holy Spirit

The Holy Spirit came to man,
In all the distant time before,
And now He comes the same to you,
As He has come in days of yore.

But 'tis in voices of the ones,
We love, and they have gone away,
To rest in heaven's glory where,
There never comes a parting day.

They come to tell you that we live
In all the time that's yet to be,
They come to teach to all mankind,
The truths of immortality.

That's sure to welcome all that live,
In fairer worlds of life and light;
And lift the mind to new desires,
Out of its own primeval night.—

Darkness in which all life begins,
To upward leap for air and sun;
So they have come to bring the light,
Of purer worlds to every one.

They come when scientific thought,
Unfolds the mysteries that were;
And reason dares to search the cause,
Of every thing that does occur.

And from the lessons of the past,
We find life's problem they've begun,
For us to solve and learning more,
Of truth for eighteen ninety one.

Laura A. Sunderlin Nourse

Moline Nov 22nd 1891.

God Knows Best.

My God knows best! through all my days
This is my comfort and my rest,
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,
That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best! That is my chart
This thought to me is always blest;
It hallows and it soothes my heart,
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best! then tears may fall;
In his great heart I'll find my rest,
For He, my God, is over all,
And He is love, and He knows best.

Caleb Davis Bradlee
Boston, Mass

The Coming of His Feet

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight robed in darkness or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of his feet

I have heard his many footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
He with might of sorrow faltering up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of his feet

Down the minster-aisles of splendor from beyond the cherubim
Through the wandering throng with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds his victor tread approaching in a music far and dim,
The music of the coming of his feet

Comes he sandaled not with silver, girdled not with worn gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odors sweet,
But white winged and shod with glory in the Tabor light of old,
The glory of the coming of his feet

He is coming, O my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and his coming brings release,
I listen for the coming of his feet

Lyman Whitney Allen

Newark, New Jersey, May 16th 1891

Wm C. Kenyon D.D.

In memoriam

Some abler hand by far than mine
Will rear a tribute to thy shrine.
Will sing thy memory's spotless fame,
And waft abroad thy deathless name;
But none may shed the bitter tear,
Beloved teacher more sincere
Than she, who now attempts to raise,
An humble tribute to thy praise

Like pebbles flung upon the tide,
Then fall to earth, get far and wide
The eddying circles more and more,
Still widen as they near the shore
And thus, oh, best of friends thy words
Have touched the soul's vibrating chords
Which ne'er shall lose the tender thrill
When hearts in death are cold and still,
But pass from earth from he ce be riven
To swell the blissful theme in heaven.

Emilie Clare, Allanson.

Amite Iowa.

The First Lesson.

The little people of the city come
To see and play around my Island Home.
They search the shades and gather violets,
And try to catch the robins for their pets;
They chase, and almost catch the half-tamed rabbits,
But do not know their speed nor cunning habits;
They think the butterflies are flowers on wings,
And wonder what it is that gently swings
The tops of trees. They watch upon their knees
For little birds, and catch the honey bees,
And while in hand the little captive lingers—
Oh, dear; how he does sting their tender fingers.
But, ah; it is a lesson that will teach
More than the sage and priest who only preach!

Horace P. Biddle.

Island Home,
June, 1891.

Lines to a friend

Blow gentle zephyrs softly blow
While on the past I'm thinking
My thoughts are few but oh how sweet!
I'm thinking of a friend

There's none more fair on earth I ween
There's none more fair in heaven.
Her face is lovely to be seen,
Her smiles are truly given
Her voice is like the Nightingale's
When in some leafy dell.
And oh how sweet to hear her sing.
"Away where Angels Dwell"

Though we are far apart dear friend
Still friendship binds our hearts together
May this true friendship never end,
And be dissolved on earth no more,
And when "Life's fitful fever's over,
And crowns to mortals given
May you receive a crown of gold
Be crowned a queen of heaven.

A. O. Hawkins

Midland, Texas
Nov. 14. 1891

School Days

I love our dear old school-house
From the ceiling to the floor;
From the long winding stairway,
To the heavy, old hall door

But, methinks, I love far better,
Every kind, endeading face
That thaunts the dear old building,
And greets the familiar place.

And often, oh, how often,
When the day's work is done,
And the shades of night are falling,
And the evening just begun,

I think of the last sad parting,
When we shall pass the door
And down the winding stairway,
To return again, no more.

Agnes J. J. Davenport.

Sonnet

An Autograph

Like fallen fruit upon the ground
Wherein its little grave it lies
Scarce hid from all our gazing eyes,
Our many lives are often found
No fragrant flower may bend its head
Above the lonely little grave;
Nor let its mournful branches wave,
Above the unforgotten dead.
And I, in other days - not now,
When life and all it is is past,
And death's cold hand strikes me at last,
Down at th' appalling shrine will bow.
But let me ask with a smile and tear,
That my heart be buried here.

E. L. Jones

Evansville, Ind.
Nov. 22, 1891

Peace - Hopl Rest

The old man sat in his easy chair.
The sun was sinking low
The soft wind kissed his thin grey hair
As he rocked him to and fro
Withered his cheek once round and fair -
His heart-beat feeble and slow.

An open book lay on his knee;
'Twas the book of all books to him.
For it told of a land beyond death's sea
Where cheeks fade not, nor eyes grow dim;
In the boundless deeps of Eternity -
Beyond life's horizon's rim.

The hope within grew bright and strong
As he gazed on the landscape wide,
And he listened to hear the joyous song
Of those who had crossed the tide,
To join the beautiful glorious throng
Which rests on the other side

The old man sat in his easy chair
As the sun went out of sight,
The night-wind kissed his thin grey hair, -
But his soul all pure and bright,
Had gone to the many mansions fair,
Where comes no shade of night

Dr John W McCrabb

Fremont Nebr
Nov 3d 1891

Introspection

Father I stand in sorrow by,
Gazing on memories that lie
Silent, though voicing deep regret;
Dead in the past but living yet.

I cannot stay repentant tears,
In glancing through the backward years;
So little seems the good I wrought,
So weak and vain each worthless thought

Father, I marvel as I see
How thy great love so patiently,
Has borne with me until this hour,
Meeting my weakness with thy power.

O, close shut book! O vanished past!
Before thy sombre shrine I cast
My only gift — a contrite heart;
My ignorance must plead my part.

Elya M. Hickok

Mexico

Let American progress never cease!—
Fling the starry banner to the breeze!
And at civilization's most stern call,
Plant the starry flag on Montezuma's wall.
Forward, the army of Occupation,
Hurrah! for Mexican annexation!
American Unity will expand
And embrace Mexico with iron bands!
Forward, South, you busy sons of toil,
And possess Mexico's virgin soil.
Southward, Southward, will be the coming age,
With the iron horse and the progress of the age,
Stolid ignorance will meet its doom,
The land of the Aztecs in beauty will bloom!
American Unity long will stand
The pride and glory of every land.
The starry banner, emblem of the free,
Will wave over Columbia's isles and seas,
That flag will wave over Mexico's hills and towers,
Until the silver lands will all be ours!
Ho! for Mexico! forward the leading van,
Forward, March! go south, go south, the man!

P. Goldmore.

Fairbault, Minn. Nov. 11. 1871.

The Old Homestead

I am musing of the dear old home;
The home I left behind,
The place where all my treasures were.
When in my youthful mind;
It is the place that gave me birth,
The dawn of youthful days.
But years have come, have flown and gone;
My locks have turned to gray

Again I view the long loved spot,
Its change, how truly great!
The very flowers on which I tread,
No more emits their fragrant smell;
No more I hear the gentle voice,
Call me out at early dawn
The very hearth-stone at which I knell,
Is not forgot but gone.

The many happy days their spent,
How well do I recall;
How noble was the hearts content,
Of parents, one and all?
No happier seene on earth could be,
Than was my early life;
No place so sweet so dear to me,
As this old homestead life.

Dr. R.G. Inman

Bradford O April the 23d – 1891

Best Thoughts.

We try, and yet we never bring
The best thought, when we retrieve
So often as we try to sing
We feel the best is hidden.

The silent song that's never given
Stored in some faithful heart,
Would make the angels shout in heaven
If they could hear a part.

Some thoughts like buds snowed under
Need more than wintry air
To melt the depths asunder
Ere perfect colors rare.

Like flowers in the deep woods shade
Where no man's feet hath trod
So are our best thoughts deepest laid;
So no one knows but God.

Charlotte Hattinger Cummins

Yosemite Cal. Nov 26. 1891

The Catbird: a Capriccio

Flitting, feathery Blondel!
Listen to his rondel!
To his lay romantical,
To his sacred canticle.
Hear him lilting! See him tilting
His saucy head and tail, and fluttering,
While uttering
All the operettas under the sun,
Just for fun;
Or in tipsy reveling, or at love devilry,
Or, disdaining his divine gift and art,
Like an immortable poet
Who captivates the world's heart,
And don't know it.
Hear him lilt! See him tilt!
—Then, suddenly he stops;
Peers about, flirts, hops,
As if looking where he may gather up
The wasted ecstacy just spilt
From the quivering cup
Of his bliss overrun.
Then, as in mockery of all
The tuneful spells that e'er did fall
From vocal pipe, or evermore shall rise,
He snarls, meauls and flies.

W. H. Venable

Cincinnati, Dec. 13, 1891.

The Music of Memory

The storm is past—and over wearied nature
Creeps, like an evening shade, a stilling peace,
The thunder's peals have melted into silence,
Reverberating till afar they cease.
No rustle stirs the leaflets of the forests,
No breath of heaven bends the grasses blade.
A thoughtful stillness scatters sweet contentment
In every place where once wild tempests played.
But hark! a sad, pathetic strain of music
Steals o'er the earth with mournful melody,
And to the peaceful heart imparts a longing
For what was once but never more shall be.

So when the toils of busy day are ended
And vexing cares and battles nobly fought,
We gladly seek the evening meditation,
To spend an hour of calm repose and thought,
Ere then some sudden fancy thrills and holds us—
Unbinds the harp of memory, strikes the chord
Of selfish love that quivering long and sadly
Recalls to listening hearts kind deeds ignored,
Rich opportunities for good unheeded,
That would have brightened many a day,
Yet now all gone. O bid to memory's warning,
"Life's moments fly, go labor while you may."

Princeton, 1889. J. H. Dunham

The Mother's Joy her darling!

She loved the lovely babe she held within her arms
And pressed him close and affectionately to her breast
And blessed him while soothing her darling to rest
Thinking of all his innocent endearing charms
Trying to keep him from fear and false alarms
How motherly the little cherub she fervently carressed
And again and again to her bosom gently pressed
Until all his childish uneasiness calms —
And upon his smiling face soft kisses did bestow
Placing him in his cradle bed her joy to behold
Longing within her heart he would to true manhood grow
Rocking her baby Lullaby singing sweet songs of old
Hoping through life he might escape much care and woe
Her sleeping darling boy just six months old

John Holmes

Bayshore NY 1891

Christmas Night

Rejoice my soul that we may go:
More swiftly than the speed of light,
All time as present we may know;
View all things with the spirit sight;
We fold our wings on this blest night
At Bethlehem's Inn and stable low

From heavens wide dome hangs low each star
And all its borders seem to close
About the door through which afar
We see the Babe in calm repose,
And Mother resting from the throes
That brought us all the joys that are

And listen' with the spirit sense
We hear innumerable songs
While through the arch of heaven immense
The harmony of Seraphs rings,
From near and far the anthem springs
And thrills the night with joy intense.—

"All glory be to God on high
And peace on earth, good will to men"
The voices through the ether fly
Roll o'er the hills and fill each glen,
And that sweet song loud carolled then
Adown the ages cannot die.

Blythe Tabor.

My Rosebud

When the downy snow was falling,
And the quail its mate was calling,
To the old log school-house going,
I descried a rosebud growing
It was lone and fresh and sweet.
I watched it with my heart in time
And gathered it full-blown in June.

On my bosom, I have borne it
And in deepest sorrows worn it
Faded it is still retaining
Odors that through death remaining
Will the ice-bound borders greet,
And in the changeless honey-moon
Will sweeten my eternal June

John Albert Murphy

Human Life.—

What is Life? — a bubble dancing
On the sparkling fountain's brim,
Painted by the sunbeam, dancing
O'er its evanescent rim,
Down the soft, reflected glories,
Images of colored skies,
Vanish — when the haze of evening,
O'er the panorama dies.
Life, with all its bliss and troubles,
Melts like unsubstantial bubbles.

What is life? a little journey
Ending ere 'tis well begun;
'Tis a gay, disastrous tourney
Where a mingled tilt is run,
And the head that wears a crown
'Neath the meanest lance goes down.
Walk then on life's journey, mortal,
With a pure and steadfast heart
So that thro' death's frowning portal,
Peacefully, thou may'st depart!

Isaac McLellan

Springs. L. Md.

Autumn Leaves.

The autumn leaves, as they fall to day,
Call back, with the aid of memory's ray,
Beautiful hopes, ere they buried lay
Under the autumn leaves.

Crimson and golden they flutter down
And deck thy grave with a glittering crown.
I'm dreaming now of curls of brown,
Under the autumn leaves

Oh! my life was robbed of its bright sunshine
I fancied only that thou wert mine
The brilliant hopes of my woman's prime
Lie under the autumn leaves

They trembled the night that he called me his bride,
And drifted down on the day he died
Now a lonely grave on the river side
Is under the autumn leaves

Ophelia Cook Jones

November 30th 1891.

My Song.

In Memory of M. E. K.

I know that the scene is exceedingly fair
And the attars of Paradise sweeten the air;
I know the Great King in His glory is there,
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

The hope of all hopes, satisfying and sweet,
Is the one which assures me I someday shall meet
With the Loved I have lost in an Eden complete—
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

Here Sorrow may sadly suppress every smile,
And the wiles of the Evil One lure me to guile,
But the triumph of striving will come after while
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead

Oh, sweet after toil will be Heavenly rest
How grand to the soul which has long been distressed,
The robe, and the crown, and the song of the Blest
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead!

I have mourned, I have prayed for my loved in the tomb
Now the promise of Jesus disperses my gloom
What buddeth on Earth hath a beautiful bloom
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead!

Let me not wish them back in this sad world again,
Where the bliss of true loving is mingled with pain;
Ah, surely more happy are spirits that reign
In the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

I am nearing the end of my journey, I know;
I have suffered and hoped—I am ready to go,
Across the pale bourne in the valley below,
To the Land of the Saints that are Dead.

Geo. W. Kettoman.
"Freeman Bard."

Highfield,
Washington Co., Md.

Come For Arbutus

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear,
We'll gather an armful of fragrant wild
cheer.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus my dear, my dear
Come through the gray meadow, and
pass the black weir
To brown-margined forest, and part
the leaves here
Come for arbutus my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
We'll gather the first virgin bloom of
the year,
The blush of spring kisses with coral
lips near.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Sara Louisa Oberholtzer

Norristown Pa.

Ego.

Why I am I, I do not know;
What limits every smile or sigh;
What bounds my spirit's overflow,—
These mysteries all my arts defy

I press against the viewless bars
Before the souls of other men,
I give all love and wage all wars,
Yet come back to myself again

The deep sea throbbing on the shore,
Dumb with its own intensity,
Retreats for aye — thus, evermore,
Myself I am compelled to be.

Celeste M. A. Winslow.

New York, 1891

All Hail.

Haste, haste, haste, buds of pink and red:-
Sovereign Summer cometh from the sunny South:-
Blush, ye royal roses! meads of gold, outspread!
All ye passion poses, odorous grace infill!
Joy be in the zephyr, laughter in the rill!

Haste, oh, haste, fields of living green!
And the mighty armies of the Emerald leaf,
Slender flying shadows, wave, and toss, and sheen!
From silken sepulchres, ye countless, creeping things,
Into vital welcome, resurrect with wings!

Haste, oh, haste! firefly meteors, trail!
Flash your opalescence o'er the dusky glade!
Where the pearldrops glisten in the dewy dale,
Where the fairy thresher swings its dainty flail,
Light the tangled grasses, glowworm, mews and pale!

Haste, haste, haste unto tallest trees,
Birds of swiftest pinion, birds of sweetest song!
Jay, intriguing fellow, "wildest of the bees,
On Ebony bro' fellow, let your dalliance cease,
Till your love, the lilly, bringeth gifts of peace!

Haste, haste, haste, purple buds and white!
Race, ye fragrant breezes, with the shining sun!
Blush, O beauteous morning! blush, O beauteous night!
Everything of beauty, hail, all hail,
Hail the Sovereign Summer! hail, all hail!

Helen Starr Hume

Athens Maine.

True Love.

A love that asks return,
Has but a pitiful life;
'Tis of the kind to burn,
And die engaged in strife
Demanding allegiance firm,
And trust in servile ways,
Expecting all to turn
And line to sing its praise.

Such love is always vain;
It blossoms like the rose,
But in the wind and rain
Its petals droop and close.
The test is fraught with sorrow,
For the leaves put forth in sunshine
Must wither and pale tomorrow,
And perish with its wild design.

But true love, it limits none;
'Tis like the gentle showers,
Descending on tree and stone,
Alike as on the flowers.
It loves and that is enough;
It feels sweet to give as receive
Be the object hewn or rough
Love, true love doth not perceive

Chas. H. Mackay

Boston Dec 91.

Long live the King

On my heart's anvil sweet and clear
I hear Love's hammer ringing;
The King has come, the King is here
Joy's voice breaks forth in singing
"Long live the King"

All day, all night I hear the blow
Dealt by the hand so steady.
The moment to let me know
My welcome should be ready.
For Love is King

I put the doubt I had away —
Heart be thou leal and tender
The King is here, "My King" I say,
And willingly surrender
Long live the King

Helen A. Manville

La Crosse, Wis
Oct. 26th '91.

Footprints in the Sand

The ocean moaned, and rose, and fell
With sparkling foam on crested wave,
And left but grains of sand to tell
Of many a thousand moons the grave!

2 It chanced one gladsome summer day
A wanderer trod the lonely beach
And chased the ebbing tide, to play
With breaking waves beyond his reach.

3 The fascinating music, still,
Allured him on with open hand,
Till yielding 'neath his hurrying feet,
He marked his "Footprints in the Sand"!

4 Returning tides swept o'er the spot
The indentation had from sight,
And he who wandered soon forgot
The laughing waves in death's long night!

5 How many a weary age hath sped
How much convulsed by fire and flood,
Old ocean since hath changed its bed,
And sweet vales bloom where mountains stood;

6 Round man exhumes and uses, now,
The rock to build and grace the land,
As thousands wonder, where and how
Came those deep "Footprints in the Sand"?

At Rest.

Sleep darling, sleep
The shadows lengthen, & the hylas sings his song:
The hidden crickets chirps & bats his tiny gong
The dreamy, drowsy zephyrs pass
Gently over the fragrant grass
Sleep darling, sleep!

Anabel Andrews

The Rose.

Within the rose I found a
trembling tear,
Close curtained in a gloom of
crimson night
By tender petals from the outer light.
I plucked the flower & held it to my ear
And thought within its fevered heart
A smothered heart beat throbbing to hear
Soft & low
I heard its busy life-blood quietly flow,
Now far away & now so strangely near.
Ah! thought I, if these silent lips of flame
Could be unsealed & fling upon the air
Their love, their passion & in speech proclaim
Their warm intoxication of despair, –
Then would I give the rose into my hand;
Thou couldst its voice believed, not
withstand.

Rosalmond Joseph Boyesen

New York Dec. 8th 1891.

Acrostic

Safely guide her walks in life,
As duty calls mid toils and strife.
'Round her throw Thy watchful care,
And guide her feet from every snare,
Help her in the hour of need
As through daily toils she speed.
Call her where the coils of love
Around her heart sweet tendrils prove
Never crush her with the slanderers tongue,
Nor poisonous words from envy wrung
O'er her keep thy kindly power,
Nor lose her in that fatal hour

E S Hulsen

Affliction

When it comes why do we weep
And sob with drooping head
Know we not that the all-wise Father
Careth for the sleeping dead

Know we not when our barks are stranded
And we leave this tear-stained shore
That we shall greet them and know them
As on the happy days of yore

Oh could we dry our streaming eyes
And catch faint gleamings from the other shore
We ne'er should mourn our loved ones
Or sigh that they are safely o'er

Mrs Mary E. R Corliss

Washburn Maine
Nov 14 1891.

To a Group of Asters

Lone children of the fading Year
That stand amid the falling leaves
And look with sad and tearful eyes
On that over which my Spirit grieves

Not thus your sisters of the Spring
Bright buttercups and daisies white,
Looked up with gladness at the sky
Filling all other eyes with light

Yet in your pensive looks I read
A lesson for the days to come
When country skies shall over me bend
And Age hath scattered Youthful bloom.

For those cerulean tints that shade
Your beauty to a thoughtful eye,
Are caught from Heavens own depths of blue,
The emblem of Eternity

And in your very names ye bear
A token of the unfading Soul.—
Of Stars that shine forever on
When earth and Time shall cease to roll.

Henry M. Goodwin

Olivet- Oct 18 1890

True Love.
(Rondeau.)

True Love ne'er went on idle quest,
And dove-like found no place to rest
His wearied foot; nor found he death
The real cure for love. He saith
"Love cure for Love makes me his guest.

Tho' life's sun is at noon, or west,
And darkling clouds its light arrest,
Yet on vain search, with idle breath
True Love ne'er went.

Of life and death Love makes request
And both must heed his wild behest,
For stronger he than life and death.
Yea Love can wait! On idle quest
True Love ne'er went.

D. F. Hodges

Phillips, Me.

Too Late.

Lilies lay on her pulseless breast,
Regret was anchored in his mind;
Too late he knew she loved him best,
For jealousy had made him blind
From little trifles magnified,
Until her heart strings broke—she died.

In dreams he found a wondrous land,
With roses blooming everywhere.
He saw a Maiden wave her hand,
And on her brow were jewels rare;
And satisfied he found a Soul
Where streams in golden channels roll.

Nelson, Goodrich, Humphrey
Lockport Ills Oct 27th 1891.

Tears.

Tears, Tears, Tears,
Accursed from sorrows cowl,
Like dew that drops from the darkness of night,
Fall the tears from the sorrowing soul
Tears, Tears, Tears,
For my heart is breaking to day,
Over changes, changes for the day that is done,
And thoughts that will live alway
Tears, Tears, Tears,
Oh nothing alas but tears;
What was sown in joy, in the harvest of years,
Sadly at last has been gathered in tears,
Tears, Tears, Tears,
O'er fading hopes, and friendships turn;
Tell me, shall the unfinished friendships here
Be perfect made in heaven?

Clarence A. Shaler

Waupun, Wis. Dec. 12, 1891.

Life's Autograph.

We haste to read the lives of men,
The books drawn out with ink and pen,
Which Authors write with wondrous ease
And paint a life the world to please.

So plain we all are Authors too
Writing a life for Angels' view;
Each day records in Heavens light,
What thoughts and words and deed indite
Upon the scroll of God's expanse;
Tis the book of Nature's remembrance.

Death ends that volume, small or great.
No friendship can its faults abate.
Or malice mar the good portrayed.
Nor beauty add, or blot evaded.
That book is ours, as must appear;
Our Autograph is written there

Lizzie P. E. Evans.

Boston, Mass.

I Bow the Head.

When stalwart, hale and merry, I
A monarch seem to be,
And at my throne the very gods
I fancy kneel to me;
But when perchance I upward gaze
Upon the skies at night,
And see unnumbered worlds on high,
In endless, awful flight,
The telescope is now reversed,
And I am pictured least, not first,
In Nature's mighty plan,
Compared with God's creation grand,
I am but walking grain of sand—
Not monarch, but a man.
Uncrowned, unsandled, then I tread
Beneath the skies, and — bow my head.

J. Marion Reynolds

Belmont, Mich
Sep. 29th 1891

Sonnet.

How lovely are thy ways, O gentle June!
The cattle of the pastures give thee praise;
The children bless thee midst their merry plays;
The honey-pilfering insect gives thee tune
As 'mong thy clustering bulbs he hath commune
Thinking thee transient; all the more thy ways
Have charm through pregnant round of lengthened days
Ere fond heat shall parch thy juices soon

Thine over-fertile bosom swells with milk;
In thy lap, we, as cradled infants, lie;
With sustenance thou giv'st lullaby,
Thy kisses fall 'n about us soft as silk:
Intoxicate with fullness of thy charms,
We fall adrowse in pleasurance of thine arms.

Wesley Conchman

Richmondville, N.Y. Dec. 16th, 1891.

We Still Smile On

We smile on the shrine of fashion,
We smile on the village thief,
We smile when our hearts are breaking,
We smile, and keep laughter greet

Chance made that hill forever,
A hope that bloomed so fair,
We pick up the burned petals,
And bring them in our hair

And make believe as best
That they, can, still are just
'Tis fair so, & they would show naught
But a face and a life that are bright.

The Belle Poole

Covington, Ga, Oct 10. 1891

When The Lower Clouds Have Lifted.

When the lower clouds have lifted
And the mists have cleared away
By the ruby light down-sifted
We shall hail a better day;
Hope awaking with the morning
Then may raise her beacon bright
For the hour before the dawning
Is the darkest of the night.

#

When the lower clouds have lifted
We shall see the shining sun,
See the course that we have drifted
Since the voyage was begun;
See the land-marks to the leeward
And the haven rise to sight;
Catch the gleaming of the city
In the morning's rosy light.

#

When earth's latest cloud is rifted
And the vail is parted wide
We shall anchor in a harbor
Safe beyond the farthest tide
We shall see the golden city
Hear the harps angelic play
When the lower clouds have lifted
For the dawn of endless day

Wa-Keeney, Ks
Sept 1891

Arthur S. Peacock.

"Praise Ye The Lord."

O that all men would praise the Lord.
Learn of Him from His precious word
From nature too, whose glory so divine
His grace and beauty, all about us shine.

If the Holy Spirit be our constant guest
The Temple pure and clean, we are truly blest
Then would his people glorify his name
And not bring upon Him reproaches and shame.

"The Heavens declare the glory of God
The tiny flowers that grow on the sod
Why not all mankind unite in praise
And with joyful hearts spend here their days.

"O God, let all the people praise Thee
Even from pole to pole, from sea to sea
Thy kingdom come, thy willow earth be done
And all give glory to Thy Well-Beloved Son

Flora O Hatheway

Conway, Iowa. July 8 1891

A Mistake.

Because I knew she loved me,
And 'twas so sweet to see those wistful eyes
Half veiled to hide their secret from surprise,
I turned to others and with courteous case
Concealed the truth from her I held most dear.
Because I knew she loved me..

I know she must have loved me
Yet, when at last my passion all confessed
I sought to strain the dear one to my breast,
Nay, nay," she smiling said, "Too late, too late."
Then showed another's ring. Ah, cruel fate!
And yet, I know she loved me.

Margaret A. Logan

Vicksburg, Miss.

The Shadow of a Cloud
on the
Foot-hills of the Crazy Mountains
Montana.

The shadow of a Cloud,
For hours it now hath lain,
Across the bleak hill-side,
Hiding from Vale and plain
The rugged rocks scarce Covered,
By poor and scanty ground,
The Cactus, and wild sage,
That in their midst are found,
E'en so, as with a cloak,
A loving heart will shield,
From others ken, the faults
To which we often yield.
The tender softened light thus given
This kindly Care of love,
Is like the light of heaven
Subdued by clouds above,
A softened, welcome screen,
Spread o'er our life below,
Which brings although unseen
The full hearts after glow.

Ellen De Witt Hatch

Even-Tide

It was even-tide. The wild capricious winds,
Fanned through the leafy shaded bower;
While perfumed breath, distilled in air,
Came forth from every opening flower.

The twilight soft and glimmering light,
The starry heavens like gems above,
Proclaimed the glories of a land,
A blissful land, of light and love.

And thus the soul's inspiring thought,
On memory's store, lives o'er again
The happy days with loved ones dear
Whose vacant seats alone remain.

While those who from the earth have passed
We oftimes feel in silence near,
And in the lonely twilight hours,
On fancied dreams, they bring us cheer.

We seem to see them, as of yore
Their angel forms, the smile, the tear;
And hear the footfall at the door,
The parting word breathed soft and clear.

The last good bye, to meet again
When bending angels whisper come.
To join them in a purer clime,
On that Eternal heavenly home.

P. A. Spurlock

Fenessee Ills Dec 15th 1891

Meet Me Mother

Meet me mother meet me mother
On that far off shore
Safe beyond all pain and dying
Where we'll part nomore
I am coming meet me mother
In that world so fair
Oh, my mother O, my mother
How I need thy care.

Oh I've suffered at thy leaving
In my bosom deep
Yet I know 'tis not thy wishes
That thy son should weep.
Meet me mother greet me mother
With thy own true hand
Gladly show me things so wond'rous
In that blissful land.

Allen Dorman
Clinton, Mo. Nov. 17. 1891

Natures Coloring.

Crimson and gold, and purple
Pink, and azure, and gray
On a background land of pale blue,
At the opening dawn of day

Fold upon fold of cloudlets,
Painted with golden beams,
Bright as the plumes of the angels,
Floating through infants dreams.

Changeful, fantastic, and fleeting,
Falling in feathery fringe,
As morning's bright gateway opens;
Swung on a golden hinge.

While the bright canopy curtains
A world of blended green:
Meadow, and grove, and hillside,
Glistening in summer's sheen.

Mrs. Emily P. Williams.

— Opportunities of Life. —

Though our life is sometimes dreary,
Yet we all possess the power
Of doing good to those around us,
As the sunshine helps the flower.

Saddened hearts, and weary faces
Greet us every-where we go:
Precious jewels now lie buried
Neath the dust of shame and woe.

Just a word in kindness spoken;
Just one sympathetic tear;
Would make the heavy heart seem lighter
And dispel the darkest fear.

We must never shrink from duty,
Let us throw cold pride away
And try and do some deed of kindness.
Ere the closing of each day.

God is pleased with noble actions;
Every deed that's done in love
Is recorded by the angel
In God's wondrous book above.

When our life on earth is ended
God will call for you and me,
And will dwell with him forever
Throughout all eternity.

Wm. Grant Brooks.

Saco, Maine, Nov. 23rd, 1891.

Life

How vain must be their task who seek to read
The manifold story of Man's life aright!
The ocean gem, far hid from mortal sight
Hath purer worth than drifted foam and weed,—
So the souls unguessed mystery, might plead
Indulgent favor, lest chance a seeming light
Misguided Judgment grope her way by night,
Deeming Mankind, at best, but poor indeed.
Tonight the fabulous city's gaudy swell
Paints outer life for the observant eye,
But further shows not deepest feelings dwell
In the inmost soul, untold by smile or sigh,—
Man's loftiest thoughts are inexpressible,
The secret of his worth, with him must live and die.

Eugene C. Dobson

Cato, N.Y.

Nearer Than We Think

Worldly things may so engross us
That we turn from Christ away;
And our human hearts, forgetful
Of His love, may go astray
But tho trembling, fearing, fainting
Mid the darkness, we may sink,
There is always light beyond us —
Heaven is nearer than we think

Tho our boasted faith may waver
And our hopes may lose their glow
Tho our hearts' ambitions perish
Like a dream of long-ago,
Tho our earthly friendships fail us
And lifes bitter dregs we drink,
Still the arms of God are round us —
Heaven is nearer than we think

Tho the sunset-rays in fading
Shall for us arise no more,
And we launch our barque with trembling
For the distant golden shore
Tho' deaths billows beat about us
And we shiver on the brink
Christ, our Pilot standeth ready —
Heaven is nearer than we think

Ida Scott Taylor

The Moon

A veil of tulle the moon did wear,
As with a floating motion,
She slowly climbed her azure stair,
And gazed o'er earth and Ocean

Her veil of tulle, which fold on fold
In crumpled creases bound her,
The wind caught up with fingers cold,
And wrapped it closer round her.

With languid, lingering, listless tread,
And air of cold abstraction,
Like one whose thoughts are with the dead,
Forever dead to action, -

She slowly climbed a rugged pass
Amidst the hills enchanted,
And disappeared behind a mass
Of rocks the winds had planted

A. Sydney Logan

Philadelphia Dec. 1891

Vain Search

I am seeking for a flower
Can you tell me where it blooms
'Mid the gardens and the tombs
Of the world? For many an hour
I have sought this hidden flower.

If I knew just where it grew
Mine would be a lighter task
And I would not need to ask;
It is found by very few
Who will give me searching clue?

Its perfume is sometimes blent
With the air that flutters near,
But it does not yet appear,
And my heart with grief is rent
For the blossom of — content!

Laura Rosamond White.

223755

Patience

They were gathered round their teacher
Little ones with eyes of blue,
Lips like coral, hair like sunshine,
Loving hearts unstained and true

And the teachers words of wisdom,
Framed themselves in accents low,
As she felt the rich importance
Of the truths she sought to show

Then she questioned of their lesson
And their clear young voices fell
Sweet into the listening stillness
As a Sabbath morning bell

"What is Patience? Can you tell me?
Do you know the peaceful calm
When she soothes the gruff-tried spirit,
With her ever healing balm"

And a little maiden answered
With her sweet face all aglow
"To wait a wee and denna weary
Mether says, does patience show."

Annie M. L. Clark

Lancaster. Mass. Oct 7. 1891

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